



Gravelot inv.

G. Vander Gucht, sculp.

THE
DUKE of GUISE.

A
TRAGEDY.

Written by

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. LEE.

Οὕτως ὃ φιλότιμοι φύσεις ἐν τῇ πολυλείαις τὸ ἄγαν
μὴ φυλαξάμεναι, τῇ ἀγαθῇ μᾶλλον τὸ κακὸν ἔχουσι.
Plutarch. in Agefilao.



L O N D O N :

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M D C C X X X V .





To the Right Honourable

LAWRENCE,

Earl of RO'CHESTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THE Authors of this Poem present it humbly to your Lordship's Patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that Honour. It has already been a Confessor, and was almost made a Martyr for the Royal Cause. But having stood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was Acted, another in the Representation,

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tion, and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to stand the publick Censure in the Reading: Where since, of Necessity, it must have the same Enemies, we hope it may also find the same Friends; and therein we are secure, not only of the greater Number, but of the more Honest and Loyal Party. We only expected bare Justice in the Permission to have it Acted; and that we had, after a severe and long Examination, from an upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both Sides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cause, in a strict Perusal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Persons. In the Representation it self, it was persecuted with so notorious Malice by one Side, that it procured us the Partiality of the other; so that the Favour more than recompens'd the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been sav'd (if so we were) by the

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the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deserts ; because thereby the Weakness of the Faction is discover'd, which in us, at that Time, attack'd the Government ; and stood combin'd, like the Members of the Rebellious League, against the Lawful Sovereign Authority. To what Topick will they have Recourse, when they are manifestly beaten from their chief Post, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices ? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-house ; and yet even there, the Enemies, as well as Friends have free Admission ; but while our Argument was serviceable to their Interests, they cou'd boast, that the Theaters were true *Protestant*, and came insulting to the Plays, when their own Triumphs were represented. But let them now assure themselves, that they can make the major

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Part of no Assembly, except it be of a *Meeting-House*. Their Tide of Popularity is spent, and the natural Current of Obedience is, in Spight of them, at last prevalent. In which, my Lord, after the merciful Providence of God, the unshaken Resolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifest Innocence of his Royal Highness, the prudent Management of the Ministers is also most conspicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, because I am unwilling to raise Envy to your Lordship, who are too just not to desire that Praise shou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, my Lord, that your own Part was neither obscure in it, nor un hazardous. And if ever this excellent Government, so well established by the Wisdom of our Fore-fathers, and so much shaken by the Folly of this Age,

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Age, shall recover its ancient Splendor, Posterity cannot be so ungrateful, as to forget those, who in the worst of Times, have stood undaunted by their King and Country, and for the Safe-guard of both, have expos'd themselves to the Malice of false Patriots, and the Madness of an head-strong Rabble. But since this glorious Work is yet unfinish'd, and though we have Reason to hope well of the Success, yet the Event depends on the unsearchable Providence of Almighty God; 'tis no Time to raise Trophies, while the Victory is in Dispute: but every Man, by your Example, to contribute what is in his Power, to maintain so just a Cause, on which depend the future Settlement and Prosperity of three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to *Neptune* was not amiss in the middle of the Storm: *Thou may'st do with me, O Neptune, what thou pleasest, but I will be sure to hold fast the Rudder.* We are to

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trust firmly in the Deity, but so as not to forget, that he commonly works by second Causes, and admits of our Endeavours with his Concurrence. For our own Parts, we are sensible, as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak Assistance. The most we can boast of, is, that we are not so inconsiderable, as to want Enemies, whom we have rais'd to our selves on no other Account, than that we are not of their Number: And since that's their Quarrel, they shall have daily Occasion to hate us more. 'Tis not, my Lord, that any Man delights to see himself pasquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers; but on the other Side, it ought to be our Glory, that themselves believe not of us what they write. Reasonable Men are well satisfy'd, for whose Sakes the Venom of their Party is shed on us, because they see, that at the same Time, our Adversaries spare not those to whom they
owe

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owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Despair has push'd 'em to break those Bonds; and 'tis observable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As *Lucifer* and his Companions were only proud, when Angels, but grew malicious, when Devils. Let them rail, since 'tis the only Solace of their Miseries, and the only Revenge, which we hope they now can take. The greatest, and the best of Men are above their Reach; and for our Meanness, though they assault us like Foot-Pads in the dark, their Blows have done us little Harm; we yet live to justify our selves in open Day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to assure your Lordship, with all Submission and Sincerity, that we are

Your LORDSHIP's

most Obedient,

faithful Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.
NAT. LEE.



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr DRYDEN.

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

OUR Play's a Parallel: the Holy League
Begot our Cov'nant: Guisards got the Whigg:
*Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Fashions, first produc'd in France:
And, when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars, here.
Cou'd the same Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or serv'd us up, in Scorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulsome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in Reason,
Had gi'n us all our Bellies full of Treason:
And yet the Name but chang'd, our nasty Nation
Chews its own Excrements, th' Association.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning Way,
For that's a Mode but newly come in Play;
Besides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail,
But your True Protestant can never fail
With that compendious Instrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite ev'n though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the Lawful Heir;*

PROLOGUE.

*Once more decide Religion by the Sword:
And purchase for us a new Tyrant-Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purses spare;
Make him not Two Pence richer by your Prayer.
To show you love him much, chastize him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Push him to Wars, but still no Pence advance;
Let him lose England, to recover France.
Cry Freedom up with popular noisy Votes:
And get enough to cut each other's Throats.
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne:
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
A Noise was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But, in Revenge, you Whiggs have found a Way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay. }
Let his own Servants turn to save their Stake;
Glean from his Plenty, and his Wants forsake.
But let some Judas near his Person stay,
To swallow the last Sop, and then betray.
Make London independant of the Crown;
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus Juries find no Traytors:
And Ignoramus Poets scribble Satyrs.
And that your Meaning none may fail to scan,
Do, what in Coffee-houses you began, }
Pull down the Master, and set up the Man.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The King,	Mr. <i>Kynaston.</i>
Duke of GUISE,	Mr. <i>Betterton.</i>
Duke of MAYENNE,	Mr. <i>Jewon.</i>
GRILLON,	Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
The Cardinal of GUISE,	Mr. <i>Wilsbyre.</i>
Arch-Bishop of LYONS,	Mr. <i>Perin.</i>
ALPHONSO CORSO,	Mr. <i>Monfort.</i>
POLIN.	Mr. <i>Bowman.</i>
AUMALE,	Mr. <i>Carlile.</i>
BUSSY,	Mr. <i>Saunders.</i>
The Curate of St. EUSTACE,	Mr. <i>Underhil.</i>
MALICORNE,	Mr. <i>Percival.</i>
MELANAX, a Spirit,	Mr. <i>Gillow.</i>
Two Sheriffs,	<i>Bright and Samford.</i>
Citizens and Rabble, &c.	

W O M E N.

Queen Mother,	Lady <i>Slingsby.</i>
MARMOUTIERE,	Mrs. <i>Barry.</i>

SCENE, PARIS.



THE
DUKE of GUISE.

1683.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Council of Sixteen seated: An empty Chair
prepar'd for the Duke of Guise.*

Bussy and POLIN Two of the Sixteen.

Bussy.



Lights there! more Lights! What, burn
the Tapers dim,
When glorious Guise, the Moses, Gideon,
David,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes Ap-
proach?

Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen,
That sway the Crowd of Paris, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purfes, Persons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the Guise, where Merit calls him, high;
And give him a whole Heaven, for Room to shine.

Enter

Enter Curate of St. Eustace.

Buff. The Curate of St. *Eustace* comes at last;
But, Father, why so late?

Cur. I have been taking Godly Pains to satisfy some
Scruples rais'd amongst weak Brothers of our Party,
that were staggering in the Cause.

Pol. What cou'd they find t'object?

Cur. They thought, to arm against the King was Treason.

Buff. I hope you set 'em right?

Cur. Yes; and for Answer, I produc'd this Book.

A Calvinist Minister of Orleans

Writ this, to justify the Admiral

For taking Arms against the King deceas'd :

Wherein he proves, that irreligious Kings

May justly be depos'd, and put to Death.

Buff. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not so prudent.

Cur. Yes : from the Devil, if it would help our Cause.
The Author was indeed a Heretick :

The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our holy League,
Is to preserve the King, his Power and Person.

Cur. That must be said, you know, for Decency ;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot secure.

Buff. But did the primitive Christians e'er rebel,
When under Heathen Lords ? I hope they did.

Cur. No sure, they did not ; for they had not Pow'r ;
The Conscience of a People is their Power.

Pol. Well ; the next Article in our Solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buff. What is't ? I should be glad to find the King
No safer than needs must.

Pol. That in Case of Opposition from any Person
whatsoever—

Cur. That's well, that's well ; then the King is not
excepted, if he oppose us—

Pol. We are oblig'd to joyn as one, to punish
All, who attempt to hinder or disturb us.

Buff. 'Tis a plain Case ; the King's included in the Pu-
In Case he rebel against the People.

[nishment,
Pol.

Pol. But how can he rebel ?

Cur. I'll make it out : Rebellion is an Insurrection against the Government ; but they that have the Power are actually the Government : Therefore, if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Buff. A most convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For Arming, if you please ; but not for Faction. For still the Faction is the fewest Number ; So, what they call the Lawful Government, Is now the Faction ; for the most are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King ; I wou'd gladly understand whom we are to obey ; or, whether we are to be all Kings together ?

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that Question ? There's an Article, that, I may say, is as necessary as any in the Creed : namely, that we, the said Associates, are sworn to yield ready Obedience, and faithful Service to that Head which shall be deputed.

Buff. 'Tis most manifest, that, by Virtue of our Oath, we are all Subjects to the Duke of Guise. The King's an Officer that has betray'd his Trust ; and therefore we have turn'd him out of Service.

Om. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guise, Cardinal of Guise, Aumale : Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.

Buff. Your Highness enters in a lucky Hour ; Th' unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice, As Head of *Paris*, and the Holy League.

Card. I say Amen to that.

Pol. You are our Champion, Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King, like *Saul*, is Heav'n's repented You his anointed one, on better Thought. [Choice ;

Gui. I'm what you please to call me : any thing, Lieutenant General, Chief, or Constable, Good decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Buff. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, exil'd *Navarre* ; And rescu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.

Aum. What he, and all of us have done, is known. What's our Reward ? Our Offices are lost, Turn'd out, like labour'd Oxen after Harvest,

To

To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.

Buff. Our Charters will go next : Because we Sheriffs
Permit no Justice to be done on those
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.

Gui. Yes ; we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties :
Dipt in the noisy Crime of State, call'd Treason :
And Traytors we must be, to King, or Country.

Buff. Why then my Choice is made.

Pol. And mine.

Omn. And all.

Card. Heav'n is it self Head of the holy League ;
And all the Saints are Cov'nanters, and *Guisards*.

Gui. Wat say you, Curate ?

Cur. I hope well, my Lord.

Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deserves your Care of his Preferment.
For all his Prayers are Curses on the Government,
And all his Sermons Libels on the King.

In short, a pious, hearty, factious Priest. [Fortunes :

Gui. All that are here, my Friends, shall share my
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France*,
'Tis but deserve, and have : The *Spanish* King
Consigns me Fifty Thousand Crowns a Week
To raise, and to foment a Civil War.

'Tis true, a Pension from a Foreign Prince,
Sounds Treason in the Letter of the Law,
But good Intentions justify the Deed.

Cur. Heav'n's good ; the Cause is good ; the Money's
No Matter whence it comes. [good ;

Buff. Our City-Bands are twenty thousand strong ;
Well-disciplin'd, well-arm'd, well-season'd Traytors,
Thick-rinded Heads, that leave no Room for Kernel ;
Shop-Consciences, of Proof against an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tin'd for a Rebellion.

Gui. Why then the noble Plot is fit for Birth :
And labouring *France* cries out for Midwife Hands.
We miss'd surprizing of the King at *Blois*,
When last the States were held ; 'twas Overfight :
Beware we make not such another Blot.

Card. This holy Time of *Lent* we have him sure ;

He

He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that Proceſſion, he's more fit for Heav'n:
What hinders us to ſeize the Royal Penitent,
And cloſe him in a Cloyſter?

Cur. Or diſpatch him: I love to make all ſure.

Gui. No; guard him ſafe;
Thin Diet will do well; 'twill ſtarve him into Reaſon,
'Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succeſſion on a worthier Choice.
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms
Shall ſtand prepar'd, to enter at your Call;
And ſpeed the Work: *St. Martin's Gate* was m'd:
But the Sheriff *Conty*, who commands that Ward,
Refus'd me Paſſage there.

Buff. I know that *Conty*:
A ſniveling, conſcientious, loyal Rogue:
He'll peach, and ruin all.

Card. Give out he's arbitrary; a *Navarriſt*;
A Heretick; diſcredit him betimes;
And make his Witneſs void.

Cur. I'll ſwear him guilty.
I ſwallow Oaths as eaſy as Snap-Dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.

Gui. Then *Buffy*, be't your Care t'admit my Troops,
At Port *St. Honore*: [*Riſes.*] Night wears apace,
And Day-light muſt not peep on dark Deſigns.
I will my ſelf to Court: pay formal Duty;
Take Leave; and to my Government retire:
Impatient to be ſoon recall'd; to ſee
The King imprifon'd, and the Nation free.

[*Exeunt all but Guiſe.*]

Enter Malicorn ſolus.

Mal. Each diſmal Minute when I call to Mind
The Promiſe, that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty Years to be his Slave,
Of which, near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of Reaſon rowl into their Spring.
O horrid Thought! but one and Twenty Years,
And twelve near paſt, then to be ſteep'd in Fire,
Daſh'd againſt Rocks, or ſnatch'd from molten Lead,
Reeking,

Reeking, and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench ten thousand Fathom in the Deep!

But hark! he comes, see there, my Blood stands still,
[Knocking at the Door.]

My Spirits start an End for *Guise's* Fate.

A Devil rises.

Mal. What Counsel does the Fate of *Guise* require?

Dev. Remember, with his Prince there's no Delay,
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;
Let not the Fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is still, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the waxen King
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guise* by Blood resolve to mount to Pow'r,
And he is great as *Mecca's* Emperour;
He comes, bid him not stand on Altar-Vows,
But then strike deepest, when he lowest bows;
Tell him, Fate's aw'd when an Usurper springs,
And joyns to crowd out just indulgent Kings. [Vanishes.]

Enter the Duke of Guise, and Duke of Mayenne.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
To your profest and most inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wish him,
There is a Lady-Regent at his Ear,
That never pardons.

Gui. Poyson on her Name!
Take my Hand on't, that Cormorant Dowager
Will never rest, 'till she has all our Heads
In her Lap. I was at *Bayon* with her,
When she, the King, and grisly *d'Alva* met;
Methinks I see her listening now before me,
Marking the very Motion of his Beard,
His op'ning Nostrils, and his dropping Lids,
I hear him croak too to the gaping Council;
Fish for the great Fish, take no Care for Frogs,
Cut off the Poppy-heads, Sir; Madam, charm
The Winds but fast, the Billows will be still.

May. But Sir, how comes it you should be thus warm,
Still pushing Counsels when among your Friends;

Yet

Yet at the Court cautious, and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Mein so different,
You seem to me two Men?

Gui. The Reason's plain.

Hot with my Friends, because the Question giv'n;
I start the Judgment right, where others drag.
This is th' Effect of equal Elements,
And Atoms justly pois'd; nor should you wonder
More at the Strength of Body than of Mind;
'Tis equally the same to see me plunge
Headlong into the *Seine* all over arm'd,
And plow against the Torrent to my Point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans*;
This to another Man wou'd be a Brag,
Or at the Court among my Enemies,

To be, as I am here, quite off my Guard,
Would make me such another Thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honest, downright, valiant Fool,

May. Yet this you must allow a Failure in you,
You love his Niece; and to a Politician
All Passion's Bane, but Love directly Death.

Gui. False, false my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guise* again.
Were she not such a wond'rous Composition,
A Soul, so flush'd as mine is with Ambition,
Sagacious and so nice, must have disdain'd her?
But she was made when Nature was in Humour,
As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
Where all the honest Atoms fought their Way;
Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
But left the Dregs of Wickedness behind.

May. Have you not told her what we have in Hand?

Gui. My utmost Aim has been to hide it from her,
But there I'm short; by the long Chain of Causes
She has scann'd it, just as if she were my Soul;
And though I flew about with Circumstances,
Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
Yet through the Histories of our Lives, she look'd,
She saw, she overcame.

May. Why then, we're all undone.

Gui. Again you err.

238 *The DUKE of GUISE.*

Chaste as she is, she wou'd as soon give up
Her Honour, as betray me to the King ;
I tell thee, she's the Character of Heav'n ;
Such an habitual over-Womanly Goodness,
She dazzles, walks meer Angel upon Earth.
But see, she comes, call the Cardinal *Guise*,
While *Malicorn* attends for some Dispatches,
Before I take my Farewel of the Court.

Enter Marmoutiere.

Mar. Ah *Guise*, you are undone !

Gui. How, Madam ?

Mar. Lost,

Beyond the Possibility of Hope :
Despair, and die.

Gui. You menace deeply, Madam :
And should this come from any Mouth but yours,
My Smile should answer how the Ruin touch'd me.

Mar. Why do you leave the Court ?

Gui. The Court leaves me.

Mar. Were there no more, but Weariness of State,
Or cou'd you, like great *Scipio*, retire,
Call *Rome* ungrateful, and sit down with that ;
Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the sullied Conquests you can boast ;
But Oh, you want that *Roman* Mastery ;
You have too much of the tumultuous Times,
And I must mourn the Fate of your Ambition.

Gui. Because the King disdains my Services,
Must I not let him know I dare be gone ?
What, when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not cast him backward if I can ;
And at his Feet make known their Villainy ?

Mar. No, *Guise*, not at his Feet, but on his Head ;
For there you strike.

Gui. Madam, you wrong me now :
For still whate'er shall come in Fortune's Whirl,
His Person must be safe.

Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your last Words confess too much.
Confess ! what need I urge that Evidence,

When

When every Hour I see you court the Crowd,
When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble,
I see you born on Shoulders to Cabals;
Where, with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
You sit, and plot the Royal *Henry's* Death;
Cloud the Majestick Name with Fumes of Wine,
Infamous Scrowls, and treasonable Verse;
While, on the other Side, the Name of *Guise*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung.
Pamphleteers, Ballad-mongers sing your Ruin,
While all the Vermin of the vile *Parisians*
Toss up their greasie Caps where-e'er you pass,
And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.

Gui. Can I help this?

Mar. By Heav'n, I'd earth my self,
Rather than live to act such black Ambition:
But, Sir, you seek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This Side and that Side congeing to the Croud.
You have your Writers too, that cant your Battles,
That style you, the New *David*, Second *Moses*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart, they spread.
Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Wonders.
Then cry, the King, the King's a *Hugonot*,
And, Spight of us, will have *Navarre* succeed,
Spight of the Laws, and Spight of our Religion
But we will pull 'em down, down with 'em, down.

[*Kneels.*

Gui. Ha, Madam! Why this Posture?

Mar. Hear me, Sir:

For, if 'tis possible, my Lord, I'll move you.
Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
Ere 'tis too late, I beg you by these Tears,
These Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
That bleeds to Death. O seek the best of Kings,
Kneel, fling your stubborn Body at his Feet:
Your Pardon shall be sign'd, your Country sav'd,
Virgins and Matrons all shall sing your Fame,

And

And every Babe shall bless the *Guise's* Name.

Gui. O rise, thou Image of the Deity ;
You shall prevail, I will do any thing :
You've broke the very Gall of my Ambition
And all my Powers now float in Peace again.
Be satisfy'd that I will see the King,
Kneel to him, ere I journey to *Champagne*,
And beg a kind Farewel.

Mar. No, no, my Lord ;
I see through that, you but withdraw a-while,
To muster all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoyn the Council of Sixteen.
You must not go.

Gui. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour.

Mar. Would all those Heads were off, so yours were
Once more, O *Guise*, the weeping *Marmoutiere* [sav'd.
Entreats you, do not go.

Gui. Is't possible
That *Guise* should say, in this he must refuse you ?

Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me, the King loves me :
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.
I've Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em :
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.

Gui. But, Madam, I have often heard you say ;
You lov'd not Courts.

Mar. Perhaps I've chang'd my Mind :
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And such a King, so good, so just, so great,
That at his Birth the heavenly Council paus'd,
And then, at last, cry'd out, This is a Man.

Gui. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit ; you dare not go.

Mar. Go to your Government, and try.

Gui. I will.

Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.

Gui. By Heaven

I swear you cannot, shall not, dare not see him.

Mar. By Heaven I can, I dare, nay, and I will :
And nothing but your Stay shall hinder me ;

For now, methinks, I long for't.

Gui. Possible !

Mar. I'll give you yet a little Time to think :

But if I hear you go to take your Leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll stand,
Nay, you shall see me kneel, and kiss his Hand. [*Exit.*]

Gui. Furies and Hell ! She does but try me : Ha !
This is the Mother-Queen and *Espernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonso Corso* too,
All packt to plot, and turn me into Madness.

[*Reading the Letter.*]

Enter Cardinal Guise, Duke of Mayenne, Malicorn, &c.
Ha ! can it be ! *Madam, the King loves you.* [*Reads.*]
But Vengeance I will have ; to Pieces, thus,
To Pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter.*]

Card. Speak lower.

Gui. No ;

By all the Torments of this galling Passion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, so loud,
My Father's Ghost shall hear me up to Heaven.

Card. Contain your self : this Outrage will undo us.

Gui. All things are ripe, and Love new points their
Ruin.

Ha ! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our Power, should they escape our Justice ?
I see, by each Man's laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you swear the like Revenge.
For me, I wish that mine may both rot off ———

Card. No more.

May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.

Gui. I go — That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die, like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barber's Hands, Imposthumes choak me,
If while alive I cease to chew their Ruin ;
Alphonso Corso, *Grillon*, Priest, together.
To hang 'em in Effigie, nay, to tread,
Drag, stamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Queen-Mother, Abbot Delbene, and Polin.

Qu. M. **P**Ray mark the Form of the Conspiracy ;
Guise gives it out, he journeys to *Champagne*,
 But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by *Paris*,
 Where every Hour he hears and gives Instructions.
 Mean-time the Council of Sixteen assure him,
 They have Twenty Thousand Citizens in Arms,
 Is it not so, *Polin*?

Pol. True, on my Life ;
 And if the King doubts the Discovery,
 Send me to the *Bastile* 'till all be prov'd. [him.

Qu. M. Call Col. *Grillon*. the King would speak with

Ab. Was ever Age like this ? [Exit *Polin*.

Qu. M. *Polin* is honest :

Beside, the whole Proceeding is so like
 The hair-brain'd Rout, I guess'd as much before.
 Know then, it is resolv'd, to seize the King,
 When next he goes in penitential Weeds
 Among the Fryars, without his usual Guards ;
 Then under Shew of popular Sedition,
 For Safety, shut him in a Monastery,
 And sacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.

Ab. When is this Council to be held again ?

Qu. M. Immediately upon the Duke's Departure.

Ab. Why sends not then the King sufficient Guards,
 To seize the Fiends, and hew 'em into Pieces ?

Qu. M. 'Tis in Appearance easie, but th' Effect
 Most hazardous ; for straight upon th' Alarm,
 The City would be sure to be in Arms :
 Therefore to undertake, and not to compass,
 Were to come off with Ruin and Dishonour.
 You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Bisogna Copriersi* :
 He that will venture on a Hornets Nest,
 Should arm his Head, and buckler well his Breast.

Ab.

Ab. But wherefore seems the King so unresolv'd?

Qu. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonstration;
Told him, Necessity cry'd out, to take
A Resolution to preserve his Life,
And look on *Guise*, as a reclaimless Rebel.
But thro' the natural Sweetness of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will consider what you say.

Ab. Yet after all, could we but fix him.

Qu. M. Right.

The Business were more firm for this Delay;
For noblest Natures, tho' they suffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.
But see, he comes, *Alphonso Corso* with him;
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoyn him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, and Alphonso Corso.

King. *Alphonso Corso.*

Alph. Sir.

King. I think thou lov'st me.

Alph. More than my Life.

King. That's much; yet I believe thee.

My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by that; but, My *Alphonso*.
She has a cruel Wit.

Alph. The Provocation, Sir.

King. I know it well:

But if thou'dst have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Interest, were the World ro buy him,
Shall make a brave Man smile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, so cry'd up in Story.
Cæsar did Ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremost in the Field; but sneaking *Brutus*,
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Bosom, stabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot, which *Tully's* Eloquence
Could ne'er wipe off, tho' the mistaken Man
Makes bold to call those Traitors, Men Divine.

Alph. Tully was wise, but wanted Constancy.

Enter Queen Mother, and Abbot Delbene.

Q. M. Good-even, Sir; 'tis just the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.

King. Oh, Madam.

Qu. M. Sir.

King. Oh Mother! but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddl'd up in Night.

Qu. M. Speak then, for Speech is Morning to the Mind,
It spreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.

King. You would embark me in a Sea of Blood.

Qu. M. You see the Plot directly on your Person;
But give it o'er, I did but state the Case.
Take *Guise* into your Heart, and drive your Friends;
Let Knaves in Shops prescribe you how to sway,
And when they read your Acts with their vile Breath,
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that;
Then in a Drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'll have it mended, that they will,
Or you shall be no King.

King. 'Tis true the People
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But O, if the Design we lay should fail,
Better the Traitors never should be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.

Qu. M. No, Sir, you cannot fear the sure Design;
But I have liv'd too long, since my own Blood
Dares not confide in her that gave him Being.

King. Stay, Madam, stay, come back, forgive my Fears,
Where all our Thoughts should creep like deepest
Know then I hate aspiring *Guise* to Death; [Streams:
Whor'd *Margarita* plots upon my Life,
And shall I not revenge?

Qu. M. Why this is *Harry*;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Blooms
He saw the Admiral *Coligny's* Back.

King. O this Whale *Guise*, with all the *Lorain* Fry;
Might I but view him after his Plots and Plunges,
Struck on those cowering Shallows that await him,

This

This were a *Florence* Master-piece indeed.

Qu. M. He comes to take his Leave.

King. Then for *Champagne* ;

But lies in wait 'till *Paris* is in Arms.

Call *Grillon* in, all that I beg you now,

Is to be hush'd upon the Consultation,

As Urns that never blab.

Qu. M. Doubt not your Friends ;

Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter Grillon.

King. Welcome, my honest Man, my old-try'd Friend.

Why do'st thou fly me, *Grillon*, and retire ?

Gril. Rather let me demand your Majesty,

Why fly you from your self ? I've heard you say,

You'd arm against the League : why do you not ?

The Thoughts of such as you, are Starts divine ;

And when you mould with second Cast the Spirit,

The Air, the Life, the golden Vapour's gone.

King. Soft, my old Friend, *Guise* plots upon my Life,

Polin shall tell thee more ; hast thou not heard

Th' unsufferable Affronts he daily offers,

War without Treasure on the *Hugonots*,

While I am forc'd against my Bent of Soul,

Against all Laws, all Custom, Right, Succession,

To cast *Navarre* from the Imperial Line ?

Gril. Why do you, Sir ? Death, let me tell the Traitors.

King. Peace, *Guise* is going to his Government ;

You are his Foe of old ; Go to him, *Grillon* ;

Visit him as from me, to be employ'd

In this great War against the *Hugonots* ;

And pry'thee tell him roundly of his Faults ;

No farther, honest *Grillon*.

Gril. Shall I fight him ?

King. I charge thee not.

Gril. If he provokes me, strike him ?

You'll grant me that ?

King. Not so, my honest Soldier.

Yet speak to him.

Gril. I will by Heav'n to th' Purpose,

And if he force a Beating, who can help it.

L 3

[Exit.

King.

246 *The DUKE of GUISE.*

King. Follow, *Alphonso*; when the Storm is up,
Call me to part 'em.

Qu. M. Grillon, to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guise* know we are not in the dark.

King. You hit the Judgment; yet, O yet there's more,
Something upon my Heart, after these Counsels,
So soft and so unworthy to be nam'd. [Court,

Qu. M. They say, that *Grillon's* Niece is come to
And means to kiss your Hand. [Exit.

King. Could I but hope it.
O my dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoyn me all that Man can suffer;
But sure the Powers above will take our Tears
For such a Fault, Love is so like themselves. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II. *The Louvre.*

*Enter Guise attended with his Family, Marmoutiere
meeting him new dress'd, attended, &c.*

Gui. Furies! she keeps her Word, and I am lost;
Yet let not my Ambition shew it to her:
For after all, she does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Design——Madam, I see
You're come to Court; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, your Mein, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will kill at least your Thousand in a Day. [sland?

Mar. What, a whole Day, and kill but one poor Thou-
An Hour you mean, and in that Hour ten thousand?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murther.
Mend me this Curl.

Gui. Woman!

Mar. You see, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you: I swear
The Court's a heav'nly Place; but O my Heart!
I know not why that Sigh should come uncalled;
Perhaps, 'twas for your going; yet I swear
I never was so mov'd, O *Guise*, as now,
Just as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I saw the King.

Gui. Woman, all over Woman!

The

The World confesses, Madam, *Henry's* Form
Is noble and majestick.

Mar. O you grudge
Th' extorted Praise, and speak him but by halves.

Gui. Priest, *Corso*, Devils! how she carries it!

Mar. I see, my Lord, you are come to take your Leave;
And were it not to give the Court Suspicion,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.

Gui. Death and the Devil!

Mar. But since that cannot be, I'll take my Leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey safe.
Farewel once more. Not stir? does this become you?
Does your Ambition swell into your Eyes?
Jealousy, by this Light; nay then, proud *Guise*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace.
But I will carry't, Sir, to those that are,
And leave you to the Curse of Bosom-War. [Exit.

May. Is this the heavenly?

Gui. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at first she caught the heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition sets her on her Head,
By Hell, I see the cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! some new Court-Trick upon me.

Enter *Grillon*.

Gril. Sir, I have Business for your Ear.

Gui. Retire. [Exeunt his Followers.

Gril. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.

Gui. The King
Still loads me with new Honours, but none greater,
Than this, the last.

Gril. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commission 'gainst the *Hugonots*;
I and my Family shall shortly wait you,
And 'twill be glorious Work.

Gui. If you are there
There must be Action.

Gril. O, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;

But you, whose Life is one continued Broil,
 What will not your triumphant Arms accomplish!
 You, that were form'd for Mastery in War,
 That, with a Start, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
 To Horse, and slaughter'd Forty Thousand *Germans*,

Gui. Let me beseech you, Colonel, no more.

Gril. But, Sir, since I must make at least a Figure
 In this great Business, let me understand
 What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
 Upon so dangerous an Expedition.

Gui. Sir, I intend the Greatness of the King,
 The Greatness of all *France*, whom it imports
 To make their Arms their Business, Aim, and Glory;
 And where so proper, as upon those Rebels
 That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death?

Gril. Stor'd Arsenals and Armories, Fields of Horse,
 Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
 Sound Infantry not harass'd and diseas'd,
 To meet the fierce *Navarre*, should first be thought on.

Gui. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
 Therefore, thus much, and I have done: I go
 To join the holy League in this great War,
 In which no Place of Office, or Command,
 Not of the greatest, shall be bought or sold;
 Whereas too often Honours are conferr'd
 On Soldiers, and no Soldiers: This Man knighted,
 Because he charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
 And sculk'd behind a Hedge i'th' Afternoon:
 I will have strict Examination made
 Betwixt the meritorious and the base. [Doubt,

Gril. You have mouth'd it bravely, and there is no
 Your Deeds would answer well your haughty Words;
 Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
 (Curse on the Hearts that hate him) that wou'd better,
 Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
 That better would become the great Battalion;
 That when he shines in Arms, and suns the Field,
 Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War.

Gui. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the great *Navarre*;
 But yet —

Gril.

Gril. No yet, my Lord of *Guise*, no yet:
By Arms, I bar you that, I swear, no yet:
For never was his Like, nor shall again,
Tho' voted from his Right by your curs'd League.

Gui. Judge not too rashly of the holy League,
But look at home.

Gril. Ha! dar'st thou justify
Those Villains?

Gui. I'll not justify a Villain
More than your self; but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each Surmise, the Lives of free-born People;
What need that awful general Convocation,
The Assembly of the States? nay, let me urge,
If thus they vilify the holy League,
What may their Heads expect?

Gril. What, if I cou'd,
They should be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.

Gui. Colonel, 'tis very well, I know your Mind,
Which, without Fear, or Flattery to your Person,
I'll tell the King, and then, with his Permission,
Proclaim it for a Warning to our People.

Gril. Come, you're a Murtherer your self within,
A Traitor.

Gui. Thou a ——— hot old hair-brain'd Fool.

Gril. You were Complotter with the cursed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry's* Death.

Gui. 'Tis false.

Gril. 'Tis true, as thou art double-hearted:
Thou double Traitor, to conspire so basely,
And when found out, more basely to deny't.

Gui. O gracious *Harry*, let me sound thy Name,
Lest this old Rust of War, this knotty Trifler,
Should raise me to Extreame.

Gril. If thou'rt a Man,
That didst refuse the Challenge of *Navarre*,
Come forth.

Gui. Go on, since thou'rt resolv'd on Death,
I'll follow thee, and rid thy shaking Soul.

250 *The Duke of Guise.*

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonso, Abbot, &c.
But see, the King: I scorn to ruin thee,
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. Ha, Colonel, is this your friendly Visit?
Tell me the Truth, how happen'd this Disorder?
Those ruff'd Hands, red Looks, and Port of Fury?

Gril. I told him, Sir, since you will have it so,
He was the Author of the Rebel-League,
Therefore a Traitor, and a Murtherer.

King. Is't possible?

Gui. No Matter, Sir, no Matter;
A few hot Words, no more upon my Life;
The old Man rowz'd, and shook himself a little:
So if your Majesty will do me Honour,
I do beseech you let the Business die.

King. *Grillon*, submit your self, and ask his Pardon.

Gril. Pardon me, I cannot do't.

King. Where are the Guards?

Gui. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'll ask Pardon for you:
This Soldiery Embrace makes up the Breach;
We will be sorry, Sir, for one another.

Gril. My Lord, I know not what to answer you;
I'm Friends, and I am not, and so farewell. [*Exit.*]

King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace: I court you for my Friend,
Tho' *Grillon* wou'd not.

Gui. I thank you on my Knees,
And still while Life shall last, will take strict Care
To justify my Loyalty to your Person. [*Exit.*]

Qu. M. Excellent Loyalty to lock you up!

King. I see even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I must say the *Guise* has Beauties,
But they are set in Night, and foul Design:
He was my Friend when young, and might be still.

Ab. Mark'd you his hollow Accents at the parting?

Qu. M. Graves in his Smiles.

King. Death in his bloodless Hands.

O *Marmoutiere*! now I will haste to meet thee;
The Face of Beauty, on this rising Horror,
Looks like the Midnight-Moon upon a Murther;

It

It gilds the dark Design that stays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State. [*Exe.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon and Polin.

Gril. **H**A V E then this pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Discovery of the Plot?

Pol. Not as from me, for still I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the most deep-mouth'd Traitor,
Against the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Procession, seize him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monastery;
Thus it was fixt, as I before discover'd:
But when, against his Custom, they perceiv'd
The King absented, streight the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.

Gril. O, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their Mungrel Souls; flesh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.

Pol. But *Malicorn*, sagacious on the Point,
Cry'd, Call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raise you above Hope,
The *Guise* my Master will be here to-day,
For, on bare Guess of what has been reveal'd,
He wing'd a Messenger to give him Notice;
Yet Spight of all this Factor of the Fiends
Cou'd urge, they slunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But see, they come.

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Gril. Away, I'll have amongst 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guise's* coming,
That he may streight dispatch his strict Commands

To stop him.

[Exit Polina.]

1 *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuss o'th' Court; away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.

Gril. Hark you, my Friends, if you are not in Haste,
Because you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a general Ruin.

2 *Sher.* Ruin to the City! marry, Heaven forbid!

Gril. Amen, I say; for look you, I'm your Friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To seize him, if not kill him: for who knows,
When once your Conscience yields, how far twill stretch;
Next, quite to dash your firmest Hopes in Pieces,
The Duke of *Guise* is dead!

1 *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!

2 *Sher.* Undone, undone!

Gril. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at last,
Should join the *Spaniard*, and shou'd fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a most venomous one
Which must be blooded?

1 *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!

Gril. Ay, blooded, thou most infamous Magistrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*;
But ere that be, fall Million miscreant Souls,
Such Earth-born Minds as yours; for, mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages past consign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial Hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your sickly Years?
And now you're grown up to a Booby's Greatness,
What, wou'd you wrest the Scepter from his Hand?
Now, by the Majesty of Kings I swear,
You shall as soon be sav'd for packing Juries.

1 *Sher.* Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be sav'd?

Gril. Yes, Sir,
From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' Wheel.

1 *Sher.* Colonel, you speak us plain.

Gril. A Plague confound you,
Why should I not? what is there in such Raskals,
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my Tongue?

Now,

Now, in the Devil's Name, what make you here,
Dawbing the Inside of the Court, like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns ?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City
To spread your monstrous Lyes, and sow Sedition ?
Wild-fire choak you.

1 *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,
And so we take our Leaves.

Gril. Nay, stay, my Masters ;
For I'm a thinking now just whereabouts
Grow the two tallest Trees in *Arden* Forest.

1 *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be so bold ?

Gril. Why, to hang you upon the highest Branches ;
Fore God, it will be so ; and I shall laugh
To see you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honest Crows pecking your Traitors Limbs.

All. Good Colonel !

Gril. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank stark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven-Bats, yon Things so far from Souls,
Like Dogs, you're out of Providence's Reach,
And only fit for hanging ; but be gone,
And think of Plunder. — You right elder Sheriff,
Who carv'd our *Henry's* Image on a Table,
At your Club-Feast, and after stabb'd it through ?

1 *Sher.* Mercy, Good Colonel.

Gril. Run with your Nose to Earth,
Run Blood-Hound, run, and scent out Royal Murther.
You second Rogue, but equal to the first,
Plunder, go hang, nay take your Tackling with you,
For these shall hold you fast, your Slaves shall hang you,
To the mid Region in the Sun :
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Asps, and Adders.

[*Exeunt Sheriffs and People.*]

Enter Malicorn.

Ha ! but here comes a Fiend that soars above,
A Prince o'th' Air, that sets the Mud a moving.

Mal. Colonel, a Word.

Gril. I hold no Speech with Villains.

Mal.

Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.

Gril. No Matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by such a Villain's Help as thine.

Mal. Hate then the Traitor, but yet love the Treason.

Gril. Why are you not a Villain ?

Mal. 'Tis confess'd.

Gril. Then in the Name of all thy Brother-Devils,
What would'st thou have with me ?

Mal. I know you're honest,
Therefore it is my Business to disturb you.

Gril. 'Fore God I'll beat thee, if thou urge me farther.

Mal. Why tho' you shou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The Pleasure I shall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruises.

Gril. Wert thou definite, Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I should give thee hearing ;
But such a boundless Villainy as thine
Admits no Patience.

Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry's* Bed.

Gril. Thou ly'st damn'd Villain. [Strikes him.]

Mal. So, why this I look'd for :
But yet I swear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true as you have wrong'd me.

Gril. Wrong'd thee, Villain !
And name Revenge ! O wert thou *Grillon's* Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I swear by this,
One had been past an Oath ; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee, dar'st not turn again.

Mal. 'Tis false, I dare, like you, but cannot act
There is no Force in this enervate Arm.
Blasted I was ere born, Curse on my Stars,
Got, by some Dotardin his pithless Years,
And sent a wither'd Sapling to the World.
Yet I have Brain, and there is my Revenge ;
Therefore I say again, these Eyes have seen
Thy Blood at Court, bright as a Summer's Morn,
When all the Heaven is streak'd with dappl'd Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes like a ris'd Maid ;
Nay, by the gleamy Fires that melted from her,

Fast

Fast Sighs and Smiles, swol'n Lips and heaving Breasts,
My Soul presages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.

Gril. Again thou ly'st, and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottled Spider, into thy primitive Earth,
Unless thou swear thy very Thought's a Lye.

Mal. I stand in Adamant, and thus defy thee ;
Nay draw, and with the Edge betwixt my Lips,
Ev'n while thou rak'st it through my Teeth, I'll swear
All I have said is true, as thou art honest,
Or I a Villain.

Gril. Damn'd infamous Wretch,
So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee :
And yet so much my Hate, that I must fear thee.
For should it be as thou hast said, not all
The Trophies of my Lawrell'd Honesty
Shou'd bar me from forsaking this bad World,
And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.

Mal. Ha! 'tis well, and now I am reveng'd.
I was in Hopes thou would'st have utter'd Treason,
And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.

Gril. Hast thou compacted for a Lease of Years
With Hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me ?

Mal. Perhaps I have : (How right the Blockhead hits ?)
Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
Thy Niece has been before the *Guise's* Mistress.

Gril. Hell-hound, avant.

Mal. Forgive my honest Meaning. [Exit.

Gril. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine Honour.
And thus he lays his Baits to catch my Soul :
Ha! but the Presence opens : who comes here ?
By Heaven my Niece, led by *Alphonso Corso* !
Ha! *Malicorn*, is't possible, Truth from thee !
'Tis plain, and I in justifying Woman,
Have done the Devil Wrong.

Enter Alphonso Corso, leading in Marmoutiere.

Alph. Madam, the King,

(Please you to sit) will instantly attend you. [Exit.

Gril. Death, Hell, and Furies ! ha, she's come to seek
O Prostitute ! and on her prodigal Flesh [him,
She has lavish'd all the Diamonds of the *Guise*
To set her off, and sell her to the King,

Mar.

256 *The Duke of Guise.*

Mar. O Heavens! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterprife like mine? I that resolv'd
Never to leave those dear delightful Shades,
But act the little Part that Nature gave me,
On the green Carpets of some guiltless Grove,
And having finish'd it, forsake the World!
Unless sometimes my Heart might entertain
Some small Remembrance of the taking *Guise*:
But that far, far from any dark'ning Thought,
To cloud my Honour, or eclipse my Virtue.

Gril. Thou ly'st, and if thou had'st not glanc'd aside,
And spy'd me coming, I had had it all.

Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good——

Gril. Thou hast lost thy Honour.

Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Massacre,
That would have stain'd thy almost Infant-Honour,
With Lust, and Blood, do'st thou remember it?

Mar. I do, and bless the God-like Arm that sav'd me.

Gril. 'Tis false, thou hast forgot my generous Action;
And now thou laugh'st, to think how thou hast cheated,
For all his Kindness, this old griss'd Fool.

Mar. Forbid it Heav'n!

Gril. But oh, that thou hadst dy'd
Ten thousand Deaths, ere blasted *Grillon's* Glory,
Grillon, that sav'd thee from a barbarous World,
Where thou hadst starv'd, or sold thy self for Bread,
Took thee into his Bosom, foster'd thee
As his own Soul, and lapp'd thee in his Heart-Strings;
And now, for all my Cares, to serve me thus!
O 'tis too much, ye Powers! double Confusion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, Shame upon thee,
It wrings the Tears from *Grillon's* Iron Heart,
And melts me to a Babe.

Mar. Sir! Father! hear me!

I come to Court, to save the Life of *Guise*.

Gril. And prostitute thy Honour to the King.

Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquisition,

I listen'd to the Love of daring *Guise*.

Gril. By Arms, by Honesty, I swear thou lov'st him.

Mar. By Heav'n, that gave those Arms Success, I swear I do not, as you think; but take it all.

I've heard the *Guise*, not with an Angel's Temper,
Something beyond the Tenderness of Pity,
And yet, not Love.

Now, by the Pow'rs that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor should the World have wrought this close Confession,
But to rebate your Jealousy of Honour.

Gril. I know not what to say, nor what to think;
There's Heaven still in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing; for thy better Angel
Still makes the Woman's Tongue his rising Ground,
Wags there a-while, and takes his Flight for ever.

Mar. You must not go.

Gril. Tho' I have Reason plain
As Day, to judge thee false, I think thee true:
By Heav'n, methinks I see a Glory round thee;
There's something says thou wilt not lose thy Honour:
Death and the Devil! that's my own Honesty:
My foolish open Nature, that would have
All like my self; but off; I'll hence and curse thee.

Mar. O stay!

Gril. I wo' not.

Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.
Let me conjure you, for your own Soul's Quiet,
And for the everlasting Rest of mine,
Stir not 'till you have heard my Heart's Design.

Gril. Angel, or Devil, I will.—Nay, at this Rate
She'll make me shortly bring him to her Bed.
Bawd for him? no, he shall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis firing, first.
That's honourable Sport. But I'll retire,
And if she plays me false, here's that shall mend her.

[*Marmoutiere fits. Song and Dances.*]

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-sick Heart
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.

Mar. I discompose you, Sir.

King.

King. Thou dost, by Heav'n ;
But with such charming Pleasure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angel's View.

Mar. Love me, my Lord ?

King. Who shou'd be lov'd, but you ?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and Self are vile,
While you are by : Try me upon Despair ;
My Kingdom at the Stake, Ambition starv'd ;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aspire,
So once a Day I may have Leave——
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.

Mar. Fear you, Sir ! what is there dreadful in you ?
You've all the Graces that can crown Mankind :
Yet wear 'em so, as if you did not know 'em :
So stainless, fearless, free in all your Actions,
As if Heav'n lent you to the World to pattern.

King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner ;
My People would not treat me in this Sort ;
Tho' 'twere to gain a Part of their Design :
But to the *Guise* they deal their faithless Praise
As fast, as you your Flattery to me ;
Tho' for what End, I cannot guess, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.

Mar. Forgive you Heav'n that Thought : No,
mighty Monarch,
The Love of all the good, and Wonder of the great ;
I swear, by Heaven, my Heart adores, and loves you.

King. O Madam, rise.

Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this seditious Rout that dare despise you ;
Blast all my Days, ye Powers, torment my Nights ;
Nay, let the Misery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cause, like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you, like Pilgrims, through the World.

Gril. Sound Wind and Limb, 'fore God, a gallant Girl.
[*Aside.*]

King. What shall I answer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a Kingly Heart ;

For,

For, so I swear I will be to my last :

Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel,
Shine through my Cares, and make my Crown fit easy.

Mar. O never, Sir.

King. What said you, *Marmoutiere*?

Why dost thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns ?

Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impossible ; no more.

King. No more—and with that stern resolv'd Behaviour,
By Heaven, were I a dying, and the Priest [haviour.
Shou'd urge my last Confession, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutiere* ! and yet thou say'st, No more.

Mar. 'Tis well, Sir ; I have lost my Aim, farewell.

King. Come back, O stay, my Life flows after you.

Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a Trouble to you,
You will not hear my Suit.

King. You cannot go,

You sha'not—O your Suit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.

Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or prostrate, if you please,
Let me intreat for *Guise*.

King. Ha, Madam, what !

For *Guise* ; for *Guise* ! that stubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, flights his Pardon,
Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life :
Ha ! and do you protect him ? then the World
Is sworn to *Harry's* Death : Does Beauty too,
And Innocence it self conspire against me ?
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my last Drop of Blood. Come *Guise*, come Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traitors, come—I strip to meet you ;
Sheath all your Daggers in curst *Henry's* Heart.

Mar. This I expected ; but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majesty,
Perhaps you'll be more calm.

King. See, I'm hush'd ;

Speak then, how far, Madam, wou'd you command ?

Mar. Not to proceed to last Extremities,
Before the Wound is desperate : Think alone,
For no Man judges like your Majesty ;

Take

Take your own Methods ; all the Heads of *France*
 Cannot so well advise you, as your self :
 Therefore resume, my Lord, your God-like Temper,
 Yet do not bear more than a Monarch shou'd :
 Believe it, Sir, the more your Majesty
 Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect Model
 Of Heaven it self, and Abstract of the Angels,
 Forgive the late Disturbance of my Soul :
 I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockle's Stream,
 But they dig through the Gravel of my Heart ;
 Therefore let me conjure you do not go ;
 'Tis said, the *Guise* will come in Spight of me ;
 Suppose it possible, and stay to advise me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal Word, no more.

King. I will be easy
 To my last Gasp, as your own Virgin-Thoughts,
 And never dare to breathe my Passion more ;
 Yet you'll allow me now and then to sigh
 As we discourse, and court you with my Eyes.

Enter Alphonso.

Why do you wave your Hand, and warn me hence ?
 So looks the poor Condemn'd,
 When Justice beckon's, there's no Hope of Pardon.
 Sternly, like you, the Judge his Victim eyes,
 And thus, like me, the Wretch despairing dies.

[*Exit with Alphonso.*]

Enter Grillon.

Gril. O rare, rare Creature ! By the Power that made
 me,

Wer't possible we cou'd be damn'd again
 By some new *Eve*, such Virtue might redeem us.
 Oh I could clasp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
 'Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
 And kifs thy Beauties to a Dissolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Unkle, Brother, all the Kin,
 The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
 Believe, dear Sir, whate'er my Actions seem,
 I will not lose my Virtue for a Throne.

Gril. Why, I will carve thee out a Throne my self ;
 Pll

I'll hew down all the Common-wealths in Christendom,

And seat thee on their Necks, as high as Heaven.

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Abb. Colonel, your Ear.

Mar. By these whispering Councils,
My Soul presages that the *Guise* is coming :
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd sacrifice him in the City's Sight.
O Heav'ns ! what was't I said ? Were I a Man,
I know not that ; but, as I am a Virgin,
If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guise*,
It shou'd be kneeling to the Throne for Mercy.
Ha ! then thou lov'st, that thou art thus concern'd.
Down, rising Mischiefe, down, or I will kill thee,
Even in thy Cause, and strangle new-born Pity :
Yet, if he were not married ! ha, what then ?
His Charms prevail ; no, let the Rebel die.
I faint beneath this strong Oppression here,
Reason and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and still let Virtue conquer ;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reason over-winds and cracks the String. [*Exit.*

Abb. The King dispatches Order upon Order,
With positive Command to stop his Coming.
Yet there is Notice given to the City :
Besides, *Belleure* brought but a half Account,
How that the *Guise* reply'd, he would obey
His Majesty in all, yet, if he might
Have Leave to justify himself before him,
He doubted not his Cause.

Gril. The Ax, the Ax,
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pleurisy,
And it must bleed. [*Shout within.*

Abb. Hark, what a Shout was there !
I'll to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On Purpose thus.
Let there be Truth, or Lyes
In this mad Fame, I'll bring you instant Word.
[*Exit Abbot.*
Manet

Manet Grillon : *Enter* Guise, Cardinal, Mayenne, Malicorn, *Attendants*, &c. *Shouts again.*

Gril. Death, and thou Devil *Malicorn*, is that Thy Master?

Gui. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guise*,
One that wou'd court you for a Friend.

Gril. A Friend !
Traitor, thou mean'st, and so I bid thee welcome :
But since thou art so insolent, thy Blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [*Exit.*]

Gui. The Bruises of his Loyalty have craz'd him.
[*Shouts louder.*]

Spirit within sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, ho !

If the Guise resolves to go,
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his Head may lie too low.

Gui. Why, *Malicorn*?

Mal. [*Starting.*] Sir, do not see the King.

Gui. I will.

Mal. 'Tis dangerous.

Gui. Therefore I will see him,
And so report my Danger to the People.
Halt to your Judgment, let him if he dare ;
But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again ?
I thought a Look with us had been a Language ;
I'll talk my Mind on any Point but this
By Glances ; ha ! not yet ? thou mak'st me blush
At thy Delay ; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
Ambition, or a Crown.

Mal. What, *Marmoutiere* !

Gui. Ay, there a General's Heart beat like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head and Breast
Ake, as I'd been a Horse-back forty Hours.

Mal. She has seen the King.

Gui. I thought she might. A Trick upon me ; well.

Mal. Passion o' both Sides.

Gui. His thou meanest.

Mal. On hers.

Down on her Knees.

Gui.

Gui. And up again, no Matter.

Mal. Now all in Tears, now smiling, sad at parting.

Gui. Dissembl'd, for she told me this before,

'Twas all put on, that I might hear and rave.

Mal. And so, to make sure Work on't, by Consent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawd——

Gui. Away.

Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.

Gui. 'Tis false, they do belye her.

Mal. But, Sir, I saw the Apartment.

Gui. What at Court ?

Mal. At Court, and near the King, 'tis true by Heaven,
I never play'd you foul, why should you doubt me ?

Gui. I wou'd thou hadst, ere thus unmann'd my Heart.
Blood, Battles, Fire, and Death ! I run, I run !
With this last Blow he drives me like a Coward ;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the Thought of these irregular Vapours,
The Blood ha'n't burst my Lips.

Card. Peace, Brother.

Gui. By Heav'n, I took thee for my Soul's Physician,
And dost thou vomit me with this loath'd Peace ?
'Tis Contradiction ; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'll meet him now, tho' Fire-arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd cross my Way. O Jealousy of Love !
Greater than Fame : Thou eldest of the Passions,
Or rather all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where-e'er thou'rt thron'd in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood, and Ruin.

[*Card.* Have you no Temper ?

Gui. Pray, Sir, give me leave.
A Moment's Thought ; ha, but I sweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that Way, 'twill not fix
On ought but Vengeance. *Malicorn* ; call the People.
[*Shouts within.*

But hark, they shout again, I'll on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards ;
Yet more, on such exalted Causes born,
I'll wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale ; while in his Courts without,
The

The People shout him dead with their Alarms,
And make his Mistress tremble in his Arms. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter King and Council.

[*Shouts within.*]

King. What mean these Shouts?

Abb. I told your Majesty,
The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with Hopes
Of their Deliverer.

[*Shouts again.*]

King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; see, *Alphonso*, what's the Cause.

Enter Grillon.

Gril. My Lord, the *Guise* is come.

King. Is't possible! ha, *Grillon*, said'st thou, come?

Gril. Why droops the Royal Majesty? O Sir—

King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late-born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But, Peace, thou fest'ring Thought, and hide thy Wound;
Where is he?

Gril. With her Majesty, your Mother;
She has tak'n Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With Thirty thousand Rebels at his Heels.

King. What's to be done? No Pall upon my Spirit;
But he that loves me best, and dares the most
On this nice Point of Empire, let him speak.

Alph. I would advise you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him instantly upon the Spot.

Abb. I like *Alphonso's* Counsel, short, sure Work;
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Qu. M. Sir, the *Guise* waits.

King. He enters on his Fate.

Qu. M. Not so, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their Heat you cut him off,
That they will spare the Royal Majesty.

Once, Sir, let me advise, and rule your Fury.

King. You shall, I'll see him, and I'll spare him now.

Qu. M. What will you say?

King.

King. I know not ;
Colonel Grillon, call the Archers in,
Double your Guards, and strictly charge the Swiss
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traitor.

[Exit Grillon.

My Heart has set thee down, O Guise, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood, ne'er to be blotted out.

Qu. M. Yet you'll relent when this hot Fit is over.

King. If I forgive him, may I never be forgiv'n ;
No, if I tamely bear such Insolence,
What Act of Treason will the Villains stop at ?
Seize me, they've sworn ; imprison me's the next,
Perhaps arraign me, and then doom me dead ;
But ere I suffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their slaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch ; which implies alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none.

[Ex.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd ; the King appears sitting in it ; a Table by him, on which he leans ; Attendants on each Side of them ; amongst the rest, Abbot, Grillon, and Bellieure. The Queen-Mother enters led by the Duke of Guise, who makes his Approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair ; after the third, the King rises, and coming forward, speaks.

King. I Sent you Word you should not come.

Gui. Sir, that I came——

King. Why, that you came, I see.

Once more, I sent you Word, you should not come.

Vol. V.

M

Gui.

Gui. Not come to throw my self, with all Submission,
Beneath your Royal Feet ! to put my Cause
And Person in the Hands of Sovereign Justice !

King. Now 'tis with all Submission, that's the Preface,
Yet still you came against my strict Command,
You disobey'd me, Duke, with all Submission.

Gui. Sir, it was the last Necessity that drove me,
To clear my self of Calumnies, and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd, against my Innocence ;
Yet had I known 'twas your express Command,
I should not have approach'd.

King. 'Twas as express, as Words could signify ;
Stand forth, *Bellicure*, it shall be prov'd you knew it,
Stand forth, and to this false Man's Face declare
Your Message, Word for Word.

Bel. Sir, thus it was. I met him on the Way,
And plain as I could speak, I gave your Orders,
Just in these following Words——

King. Enough, I know you told him ;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can still be patient, and forgive.

Gui. And I can ask Forgiveness, when I err ;
But let my gracious Master please to know
The true Intent of my misconstru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame,
From wrong Constructions ? And——

King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd, your
Conscience knows
You were not wrong'd ; were you not plainly told,
That if you dar'd to set your Foot in *Paris*,
You shou'd be held the Cause of all Commotions
That shou'd from thence ensue ? and yet you came.

Gui. Sir, will you please with Patience but to hear me ?

King. I will ; and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guise*,
To clear you to my self.

Gui. I had been told,
There were in Agitation here at Court,
Things of the highest Note against Religion,
Against the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honest well-affected Men ;

I therefore judg'd——

King. Then you, it seems, are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion against me ?

Gui. I fear'd it might be represented so,
And came resolv'd——

King. To head the factious Crowd.

Gui. To clear my Innocence.

King. The Means for that,
Had been your Absence from this hot-brain'd Town —
Where you, not I, are King.——

I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart,
Come what may come, he dies.

Qu. M. stopping the King. What mean you, Sir ?
You tremble and look pale ; for Heaven's Sake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.

King. Had I Ten thousand Lives, I'll venture all.
Give me way, Madam.

Qu. M. Not to your Destruction.
The whole *Parisian* Herd is at your Gates ;
A Crowd's a Name too small, they are a Nation,
Numberless, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.

King. And that one Soul's the *Guise*. I'll rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.

Gui. [*Aside.*] My Fate is now i'th' Ballance, Fool
I thank thee for thy Foresight. [within,

Qu. M. Your Guards oppose 'em !

King. Why not ? a Multitude's a bulky Coward.

Qu. M. By Heaven there are not Limbs in all your
For every one a Morfel. [Guards,

King. *Cæsar* quell'd 'em,
But with a Look and Word.

Qu. M. So *Galba* thought.

King. But *Galba* was not *Cæsar*.

Gui. I must not give 'em Time for Resolution. [*Aside.*
My Journey, Sir, has discompos'd my Health,
[To the King.

I humbly beg your Leave I may retire,
'Till your Commands recall me to your Service. *Ex.*
M. 2 *Manent*

Manent King, Queen-Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So you have counsell'd well, the Traitor's gone,
To mock the Meekness of an injur'd King. [*To Qu. M.*
Why did not you, who gave me Part of Life,
Infuse my Father stronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull Mixture
Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd slow Arts
Of womanish Tameness in my Infant Mouth;
Why stood I stupid else, and miss'd a Blow,
Which Heaven and daring Folly made so fair.

Qu. M. I still maintain, 'twas wisely done to spare him.

Gril. A Pox o'this unseasonable Wisdom;
He was a Fool to come; if so, then they
Who let him go, were somewhat.

King. The Event, th'Event will shew us what we were,
For, like a blazing Meteor hence he shot,
And drew a sweeping fiery Train along.
O *Paris, Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph;
But now the Scene of all thy King's Misfortunes;
Ungrateful, perjur'd, and disloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Presence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hisses out,
And shakes his forked Tongue at Majesty,
While I——

Qu. M. While you lose Time in idle Talk,
And use no Means for Safety and Prevention.

King. What can I do! O Mother, Abbot, *Grillon*?
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain, my Cause is desperate.
Such an o'erwhelming Ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redress were past.

Gril. I'll go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the first Reversion of a Rope;
Dispatch is all my Business, I'll hang for you.

Abb. 'Tis not so bad, as vainly you surmise;
Some Space there is, some little Space, some Steps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not arm'd, nor marshall'd into Order;
Believe it, Sir, the *Guise* will not attempt,
'Till he have rowl'd his Snow-ball to a Heap.

King.

The DUKE of GUISE. 269

King. So then, my Lord, we are a Day off from Death,
What shall to-morrow do?

Abb. To-morrow, Sir,
If Hours between slide not too idly by,
You may be Master of their Destiny,
Who now dispose so loftily of yours.
Not far without the Suburbs there are quarter'd
Three thousand *Swiss*, and two *French* Regiments.

King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their Head.

Qu. M. Send Marechal *Byron* to lead 'em up.

King. It shall be so: by Heav'n there's Life in this,
The Wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And shews a Break of Sun-shine.

Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And see your Soldiers well dispos'd within,
For Safeguard of the *Louvre*.

Qu. M. One thing more,
The *Guise* (his Bus'ness not yet fully ripe,)
Will treat, at least, for shew of Loyalty;
Let him be met with the same Arts he brings.

King. I know, he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your Part of me will come in Play;
Th' *Italian* Soul shall teach me how to sooth:
Even *Jove* must flatter with an empty Hand,
'Tis time to thunder, when he gripes the Brand.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A NIGHT-SCENE.

Enter Malicorne solus.

Mal. Thus far the Cause of God: but God's or Devil's,
I mean my Master's Cause, and mine succeed:
What shall the *Guise* do next? [*A Flash of Lightning.*]

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. First seize the King, and after murder him.

Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'st uncalled to-night.

Mel. Always uncalled'd, and still at Hand for Mischiefe.

Mal. — But why in this Fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'st like one that preaches to the Crowd,
Gospel is in thy Face. and outward Garb,

270 *The Duke of Guise.*

And Treason on thy Tongue.

Mel. Thou hast me right,
Ten Thousand Devils more are in this Habit.
Saintship and Zeal are still our best Disguise:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtless Crowd,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Glosses ban the holy Text,
And make it speak Rebellion, Schism and Murther;
So turn the Arms of Heaven against it self.

Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Eustace* here?

Mel. Thou art mistaken, Master, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has assum'd the Churchman's lucky Shape,
To talk the Crowd to Madness and Rebellion.

Mal. O true, Enthusiastick Devil, true:
For Lying is thy Nature, even to me:
Did'st thou not tell me, if my Lord the *Guise*
Enter'd the Court, his Head should then lie low?
That was a Lye; he went, and is return'd.

Mel. 'Tis false; I said, Perhaps it should lie low,
And, but I chill'd the Blood in *Henry's* Veins,
And cramm'd a thousand ghastly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thrust 'em foremost in his lab'ring Brain,
Even so it would have been.

Mal. Thou hast deserv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil: what do we next?

Mel. I said, first seize the King.

Mal. Suppose it done:
He's clapt within a Convent, shorn a Saint,
My Master mounts the Throne.

Mel. Not so fast, *Malicorne*;
Thy Master mounts not, 'till the King be slain.

Mal. Not when depos'd?

Mel. He cannot be depos'd:
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there shone a Regal Star.

Mal. My Master had a stronger.

Mel. No, not a stronger, but more popular.
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guise* now strongest;
But if th' ill Influence pass o'er *Harry's* Head,

As

As in a Year it will, *France* ne'er shall boast
A greater King than he ; now cut him off,
While yet his Stars are weak.

Mal. Thou talk'st of Stars :

Can'st thou not see more deep into Events,
And by a surer Way ?

Mel. No, *Malicorne*.

The Ways of Heaven are broken since our Fall,
Gulph beyond Gulph, and never to be shot :
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's Mind,
As in a Crystal Mirror, see th' Idea's
Of things that always are, as he is always.
Now shut below in this dark Sphere,
By second Causes dimly we may guess,
And peep far off on Heaven's revolving Orbs,
Which cast obscure Reflections from the Throne.

Mal. Then tell me thy Surmises of the future.

Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Just when the Sun was entering in the *Ram* :
Th' ascending *Scorpion* poyson'd all the Sky,
A Sign of deep Deceit and Treachery.
Full on his Cusp his angry Master sate,
Conjoin'd with *Saturn*, baleful both to Man :
Of secret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Massacres expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill-omen'd Year.

Mal. Then flourish Hell, and mighty Mischiefs reign.
Mischief to some, to others must be good ;
But hark, for now, tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When Silence broods upon our darkned World,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow Sound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.

Mel. 'Tis truly guess'd :

But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's Hand.
There's not a damned Ghost, nor Hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo 'scape, but hither flies,
With leathern Wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To sacred Churches all in Swarms repair,
Some crowd the Spires, but most the hallow'd Bells,
And softly toll for Souls departing Knells :
Each Chime thou hear'st, a future Death foretells.

Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
'Till all go loaded to the neather Skies.

Mal. To-morrow then.

Mel. To-morrow let it be :

Or thou deceiv'st those hungry, gaping Fiends,
And *Beelzebub* will rage.

Mal. Why *Beelzebub*? Hast thou not often said,
That *Lucifer*'s your King?

Mel. I told thee true :

But *Lucifer*, as he who foremost fell,
So now lies lowest in th' Abyfs of Hell,
Chain'd 'till the dreadful Doom, in Place of whom
Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the Damn'd,
Who list'ning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his Purpose: But no more.
The Morning creeps behind yon' Eastern Hill,
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves,
And foolish Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
And lash the Laggards from the Sight of Day. [*Descends.*]

Enter Guise, Mayenne, Cardinal, and Archbishop.

May. Sullen, methinks, and slow the Morning breaks,
As if the Sun were listless to appear,
And dark Designs hung heavy on the Day.

Gui. Y'are an old Man too soon, y'are superstitious,
I'll trust my Stars, I know 'em now by Proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine:
Invirion'd with his Guards he durst not touch me;
But aw'd and craven'd as he had been spell'd,
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guise*, and durst not.

Card. We have him in our Power, coopt in his Court
Who leads the first Attack? Now by yon' Heaven—
That blushes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll doff
This womanish Attire of godly Peace,
And crye, Lie there, Lord Cardinal of *Guise*.

Gui. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* is too cool.
But 'tis the manlier Fault o'th' two.

Bish. Have you not heard the King, preventing Day,
Receive the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swisses* marching to their Fifes?
The Crowd stood gaping heartless, and amaz'd,

Shrunk

Shrunk to their Shops, and left the Passage free.

Gui. I would it should be so, 'twas a good Horror.
First let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranfackt Houses ;
That very Fright, when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their soft City Courages :
Cold Burghers must be struck, and struck like Flints,
Ere their hid Fire will sparkle.

Bish. I'm glad the King has introduc'd these Guards.

Card. Your Reason.

Bish. They are too few for us to fear,
Our Numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not cast in ; but the Pretence,
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this Rising pass for just Defence.

May. Suppose the City should not rise.

Gui. Suppose as well the Sun should never rise :
He may not rise, for Heaven may play a Trick ;
But he has risen from *Adam's* Time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to noble Hazard ?
No Venture made, but all dull Certainty ?
By Heaven I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame Terms of yielding,
I scorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whispers Guise.

A Lady, say'st thou, young, and beautiful,
Brought in a Chair ?

Conduct her in——

[*Exit Servant.*]

Card. You wou'd be left alone——

Gui. I wou'd, retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutiere, and Exit.

Starting back.] Is't possible, I dare not trust my Eyes,
You are not *Marmoutiere* ?

Mar. What am I then ?

Gui. Why any thing but she :

What should the Mistress of a King do here ?

Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Master of a King.

Gui. I sent not for you, Madam.

Mar. I think, my Lord, the King sent not for you.

Gui. Do you not fear, your Visit will be known ?

Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels, and Traitors :

Where-e'er I go, my Virtue is my Guard.

Gui. What Devil has sent thee here to plague my Soul?
O that I could detest thee now as much
As ever I have lov'd, nay even as much
As yet in Spight of all thy Crimes I love :
But 'tis a Love so mixt with dark Despair,
The Smoke and Soot smother the rising Flame,
And make my Soul a Furnace : Woman, Woman !
What can I call thee more ? if Devil, 'twere less.
Sure, thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,
But *Eve* play'd false, engendring with the Serpent,
Her own Part worse than his.

Mar. Then they got Traitors.

Gui. Yes, Angel-Traitors fit to shine in Palaces,
Fork'd into Ills, and split into Deceits ;
Two in their very Frame : 'twas well, 'twas well,
I saw not thee at Court, thou Basilisk ;
For if I had, those Eyes, without his Guards,
Had done the Tyrant's Work.

Mar. Why then it seems
I was not false in all ; I told you, *Guise*,
If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court :
You see I kept my Promise.

Gui. Still thy Sex :
Once true in all thy Life, and that for Mischief.

Mar. Have I said I lov'd you ?

Gui. Stab on, stab,
'Tis plain you love the King.

Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful Way you seem to mean.
My Eyes had once so far betray'd my Heart,
As to distinguish you from common Men,
Whate'er you said, or did, was charming all.

Gui. But yet, it seems, you found a King more charming.

Mar. I do not say more charming, but more noble,
More truly Royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in Wishes.

Gui. May be so :
But Love has oyl'd your Tongue to run so glib,
Curse on your Eloquence.

Mar.

Mar. Curse not that Eloquence, that sav'd your Life.
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandate, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening Pride of popular Power,
Had thrust you headlong in the *Louvre* Toils,
'Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majesty
Had doom'd you to the Death you well deserv'd.

Gui. Then was't not *Henry's* Fear preserv'd my Life?

Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know
He's born to give you Fear, not to receive it. [him:

Gui. Say this again, but add, you gave not up
Your Honour as the Ransom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.

Mar. And so it were.

Gui. Why said you, so it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks, 'tis much unkind.

Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of Kindness.
If you acknowledge I have sav'd your Life,
Be grateful in Return, and do an Act,
Your Honour, tho' unaskt by me, requires.

Gui. By Heav'n, and you, whom next to Heav'n I love,
(If I said more, I fear I should not lye,)
I'll do whate'er my Honour will permit.

Mar. Go throw your self at *Henry's* Royal Feet,
And rise not, 'till approv'd a loyal Subject.

Gui. A duteous loyal Subject I was ever.

Mar. I'll put it short, my Lord, depart from *Paris*.

Gui. I cannot leave
My Country, Friends, Religion, all at Stake;
Be wise, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the Turn, forsake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a Merit of your Love.

Mar. No, I'll return, and perish in those Ruins;
I find thee now, ambitious, faithless *Guise*.
Farewel the basest, and the last of Men.

Gui. Stay, or — O Heav'n! I'll force you: Stay —

Mar. I do believe
So ill of you, so villainously ill,
That if you durst, you wou'd:

HONOUR

Honour you've little, Honesty you've less ;
 But Conscience you have none.
 Yet there's a Thing call'd Fame, and Men's Esteem,
 Preserves me from your Force. Once more farewell :
 Look on me, *Guise*, thou seest me now the last ;
 Tho' Treason urge not Thunder on thy Head,
 This one departing Glance shall flash thee dead. [*Exit.*]

Gui. Ha, said she true ? Have I so little Honour ?
 Why then a Prize so easie, and so fair,
 Had never 'scap'd my Gripe ; but mine she is,
 For that's set down as sure as *Harry's* Fall :
 But my Ambition, that she calls my Crime :
 False, false by Fate, my Right was born with me,
 And Heaven confest it in my very Frame ;
 The Fires that would have form'd Ten Thousand An-
 Were cram'd together for my single Soul. [*gels,*]

Enter Malicorne.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious Hours away,
 The Heavens look gaudily upon your Greatness,
 And the crown'd Moments court you as they fly ;
Brisac and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiss*,
 And folded 'em like Sheep in holy Ground,
 Where now with Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
 They wait the Word that dooms 'em all to die :
 Come forth, and bless the Triumph of the Day.

Gui. So slight a Victory requir'd not me :
 I but fate still, and nodded like a God
 My World into Creation ; now 'tis Time
 To walk abroad, and carelessly survey
 How the dull Matter does the Form obey.

[*Exit with Malicorne.*]

*Enter Citizens, and Melanax, in his Fanatick Habit,
 at the Head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow Citizens, and you
 Gentlemen of the Rabble, a Word of godly Exhorta-
 tion to strengthen your Hands, ere you give the Onset.

1 *Cit.* Is this a Time to make Sermons ? I would not
 hear the Devil now, though he should come in God's
 Name, to preach Peace to us.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be
 despis'd,

despis'd, we have all profited by godly Sermons that promote Sedition, let the precious Man hold forth.

Om. Let him hold forth, let him hold forth.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my Business: It has been so before any of you were born, and will be so when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.

1 Cit. That's a Lye, and a loud one. He has led the Rabble both old and young, that's all Ages: A heavenly sweet Man, I warrant him, I have seen him somewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I have sown Rebellion every where.

1 Cit. How, every where? That's another Lye: How far have you travell'd, Friend?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 Cit. Now that's a Rapper.

2 Cit. I say no: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly says true, for he may lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depose their Prince, has in all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted lawful.

1 Cit. That's the first true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depose him?

Mel. Whenever they have more Power to depose, than he has to oppose, and this they may do upon the least Occasion.

1 Cit. Sirrah, you mince the Matter; you should say, we may do it upon no Occasion, for the less the better.

Mel. [*Aside.*] Here's a Rogue now will out-shoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 Cit. Some Occasion, in my Mind, were not amiss: for, look you Gentlemen, if we have no Occasion, then whereby we have no Occasion to depose him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I stick to those Occasions: for when they are gone, good-Night to Godliness and Freedom.

Mel. When the most are of one Side, as that's our Case, we are always in the right; for they that are in Power, will ever be the Judges: So that if we say White is Black, poor White must lose the Cause, and put on

on Mourning, for White is but a single Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on resolutely for your Solemn League and Covenant, and if here be any squeamish Conscience who fears to fight against the King, though I, that have known you Citizens these Thousand Years, suspect not any, let such understand, that his Majesty's politick Capacity is to be distinguish'd from his natural; and though you murder him in one, you may preserve him in the other; and so much for this Time, because the Enemy is at hand.

2 Cit. [*Looking out*]

Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel, He that devours our Wives, and ravishes our Children.

1 Cit. He looks so grum, I don't care to have to do with him; wou'd I were safe in my Shop behind the Counter.

2 Cit. And wou'd I were under my Wife's Petticoats, Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter yesterday, paid a Bill of Exchange in Glasse *Louis d'Ors*; and you Friend, that cry, look you Gentlemen, this very Morning was under another Woman's Petticoats, and not your Wife's.

2 Cit. How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight lustily for the Cause of Heaven, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conscience, I absolve you both, and all the rest of you: Now go on merrily, for those that escape shall avoid killing; and those who do not escape, I will provide for in another World.

[*Cry within on the other Side of the Stage,*
Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, and his Party.

Gril. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my Word, as 'twas *Julius Cæsar's* of Pagan Memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's *Bilbo*, that's a Word and a Blow; we must either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure Necessity for your Comfort: Now if any Man can be so unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with
your

your Souls, as to stand like a good Christian and offer his Weasand to a Butcher's Whittle, I say no more, but that he may be sav'd, and that's the best can come on him. [*Cry on both Sides, Vive le Roy, Vive Guise.*

They Fight.

Mel. Hey, for the Duke of *Guise* and Property, up with Religion and the Cause, and down with those arbitrary Rogues there: Stand to't you associated Cuckolds.

[*Citizens go back.*

O Rogues, O Cowards, damn these half-ftain'd Shopkeepers, got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers; twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em.

[*They all run off, Melanax with them; the 1 and 2 Citizen taken.*

Gril. Possess your selves of the Place *Maubert*, and hang me up those two Rogues for an Example.

1 *Cit.* O spare me, sweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new set up.

Gril. I'll be your Customer, and set you up a little better, Sirrah; go hang him at the next Sign-post: What have you to say for your self, Scoundrel? why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill Meaning to the Government, all that I did, was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Gril. Nay, if thou hast a Wife that wears the Breeches, thou shalt be condemn'd to live: Get thee home for a Hen-peckt Traitor ——— What, are we encompass'd? Nay then, Faces this Way; we'll sell our Skins to the fairest Chapmen.

Enter Aumale and Soldiers, on the one Side, Citizens on the other. Grillon and his Party are disarm'd.

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel, and hang him up at the next Sign-post: Nay, when I am in Power, I can make Examples too.

Omn. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal.

[*Pull and haul him.*

Gril. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traitors, Cuckolds! 'Swounds, what do you make of a Man? Do you think
Legs

Legs and Arms are strung upon a Wire, like a jointed Baby? carry me off quickly, you were best, and hang me decently according to my first Sentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burthen: give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby I'll carry it for a Token to my Sovereign Lady.

Gril. 'Tis too little in all Conscience, for her, take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I sav'd, O the Conscience of a Shop-keeper!

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your saving of me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for speaking Treason against my anointed Wife, that's a new Reck'ning between us.

Enter Guise with a General's Staff in his Hand, Mayenne, Cardinal, Arch-Bishop, Malicorne, and Attendants.

Omn. Vive Guise.

Gui. [*Bowing, and bare-headed.*]

I thank you Country-men: the Hand of Heaven
In all our Safeties has appear'd this Day;
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But stain your Triumph with no Christian Blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this godly Talk,
Of sparing Christian Blood? why these are Dogs;
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus'* Ear,
Meer Dogs, that neither can be sav'd, nor damn'd.

Arch-Bish. Where have you learnt to spare inveterate

Gui. You know the Book.

[*Foes?*]

Arch-Bish. And can expound it too:

But Christian Faith was in the Non-age then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o'er the World;
What Madness were it for the weak and few,
'To fight against the many and the strong?

Grillon must die, so must the Tyrant's Guards,
Lest gathering Head again, they make more Work.

Mal. My Lord, the People must be flesh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Relish, dip 'em with you——
Or they'll perhaps repent.

Gui. You are Fools, to kill 'em were to shew I fear'd

[*em;*
The

The Court disarm'd, disheartned and besieg'd,
Are all as much within my Power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fist.

May. 'Tis rightly judg'd :
And let me add, who heads a popular Cause,
Must prosecute the Cause by popular Ways :
So whether you are merciful or no,
You must affect to be.

Gui. Dismiss those Prisoners. *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not ask your Love, be still my Foe.

Gril. I will be so : But let me tell you *Guise*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too :
I'll give you back your Life when next we meet,
'Till then I am your Debtor.

Gui. That's 'till Dooms-day.

[*Grillon and his* *Exeunt one Way*, *Rabble the other.*
Haste Brother, draw out Fifteen Thousand Men,
Surround the *Louvre*, lest the Prey should 'scape.
I know the King will send to treat,
We'll set the Dice on him in high Demands,
No less than all his Officers of Trust,
He shall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clipt
So long, he shall not pass.

Card. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and such tedious Work,
Like those that hang their Noses o'er a Potion,
And qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sipps.

Arch-Bish. Best make Advantage of this popular Rage,
Let in th' o'erwhelming Tide on *Harry's* Head,
In that promiscuous Fury who shall know
Among a Thousand Swords, who kill'd the King.

Mal. O my dear Lord, upon this only Day
Depends the Series of your following Fate :
Think your good Genius has assum'd my Shape
In this Prophetick Doom.

Gui. Peace, croaking Raven.
I'll seize him first, then make him a led Monarch ;
I'll be declar'd Lieutenant-General
Amidst the Three Estates, that represent
The glorious, full, majestic Face of *France*.

Which

Which, in his own Despight, the King shall call :
 So let him reign my Tenant, during Life,
 His Brother of *Navarre* shut out for ever,
 Branded with Herefy, and barr'd from Sway,
 That when *Valois* consum'd in Ashes lies,
 The Phœnix-Race of *Charlemain* may rise. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *The Louvre.*

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, and Grillon.

King. Dismiss with such Contempt ?

Gril. Yes, 'faith, we past like beaten *Romans* under-

King. Give me my Arms. [neath the Fork.

Gril. For what ?

King. I'll lead you on.

Gril. You are a true Lyon, but my Men are Sheep;
 If you run first, I'll swear they'll follow you.

King. What, all turn'd Cowards ? not a Man in *France*
 Dares set his Foot by mine, and perish by me ? [ing.

Gril. Troth, I can't find 'em much inclin'd to perish-

King. What can be left in Danger, but to dare ?
 No matter for my Arms, I'll go bare-fac'd,
 And seize the first bold Rebel that I meet.

Abb. There's something of Divinity in Kings,
 That sits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.

Gril. True, Abbot ; but the Mischief is, you Church-
 Can see that something further than the Crowd ; [men
 These Musket-Bullets have not read much Logick,
 Nor are they given to make your nice Distinctions :

[One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, she reads—
 One of 'em possibly may hit the King

In some one Part of him that's not divine,
 And so that mortal Part of his Majesty wou'd draw
 The Divinity of it into another World, sweet Abbot.

Qu. M. 'Tis equal Madness, to go out. or stay ;
 The Reverence due to Kings is all transferr'd
 To haughty *Guise* ; and when new Gods are made,
 The old must quit the Temple ; you must fly.

King. Death ! had I Wings, yet I would scorn to fly.

Gril. Wings, or no Wings, is not the Question :

If you won't fly for't, you must ride for't,
And that comes much to one.

King. Forsake my Regal Town!

Qu. M. Forsake a *Bedlam*;

This Note informs me, Fifteen Thousand Men
Are marching to inclose the *Louvre* round.

Abb. The Business then admits no more Dispute.
You, Madam, must be pleas'd to find the *Guise*,
Seem easy, fearful, yielding, what you will;
But still prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more Time for his Escape.

Qu. M. I'll undertake it — Nay, no Thanks my Son.
My Blessing shall be given in your Deliverance;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravell'd,
And *Guise* is to begin his Work again. [*Exit Qu. M.*]

King. I go this Minute.

Enter Marmoutiere.

Nay then, another Minute must be given.
O how I blush, that thou should'st see thy King
Do this low Act, that lessens all his Fame:
Death, must a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it must be —

Mar. It must not, cannot be.

Gril. No, nor shall not, Wench, as long as my Soul
wears a Body.

King. Secure in that, I'll trust thee; shall I trust thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewel, thou may'st behold me King again,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then farewel,
I'll say't as comfortably as I can:
But O curs'd *Guise*, for pressing on my Time,
And cutting off Ten Thousand more Adieus.

Mar. The Moments that retard your Flight are Trai-
Make Haste, my Royal Master, to be safe, [tors.
And save me with you, for I'll share your Fate.

King. Wilt thou go too?

Then I am reconcil'd to Heaven again:
O welcome thou good Angel of my Way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my safe Return;

Not

Not Greece, nor hostile Juno cou'd destroy
The Heroe that abandon'd burning Troy;
He scap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night,
When, loaded with his Gods, he took his Flight.

[*Exeunt, the King leading her.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Castle of Blois.*

Enter Grillon, and Alphonso Corso.

Gril. **W**elcome Colonel, welcome to *Blois*.

Alph. Since last we parted at the Barricadoes,
The World's turn'd upside down.

Gril. No, 'faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downside up,
Our Part o'th' Wheel is rising, tho' but slowly.

Alph. Who lookt for an Assembly of the States?

Gril. When the King was escap'd from *Paris*, and got
out of the Toils, 'twas Time for the *Guise* to take 'em
down, and pitch others: That is, to treat for the Calling
of a Parliament, where being sure of the major Part, he
might get by Law, what he had mist by Force.

Alph. But why should the King assemble the States,
to satisfy the *Guise* after so many Affronts?

Gril. For the same Reason, that a Man in a Duel says,
he has receiv'd Satisfaction, when he is first wounded,
and afterwards disarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris*?

Gril. Because no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*:
The *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw
it after him. But *Paris* is a damn'd unwieldy Bulk, and
when the Preachers draw against the King, a Parson in
a Pulpit is a devilish Fore-Horse. Besides, I found in
that Insurrection, what dangerous Beasts these Towns-
men are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man had better deal
with ten of their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen:
O your inspir'd Cuckold is most implacable.

Alph.

Alph. Is there any seeming Kindness between the King, and the Duke of *Guise*?

Gril. Yes, most wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Usurer, and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very loyal to the *Guise*, and the *Guise* is very gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guise*, and the Arch-Bishop of *Lyons*, are the two Pendants, that are always hanging at the Royal Ear; they ease his Majesty of all the Spiritual Business, and the *Guise* of all the Temporal; so that the King is certainly the happiest Prince in Christendom, without any care upon him: so yielding up every Thing to his loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the Way of being the greatest, and most glorious King in all the World.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a sharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the Opening of the Parliament, admonished Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was past, but seem'd to threaten Vengeance, if they persisted for the future.

Gril. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: he promising to unite himself to them, and they to obey him according to the Laws; yet the very next Morning they went on, in Pursuance of their old Commonwealth Designs, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now am I dull enough to think they have broken their Oath.

Gril. Ay, but you are but one private Man, and they are the Three States; and, if they Vote, that they have not broken their Oaths, who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's one above.

Gril. I hope you mean in Heaven, or else you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament-Time; but here comes the Master and my Niece.

Alph. Heaven preserve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treason.

Gril. O yes, you may pray for him, the Preachers of the *Guise*'s Side do that most formally: nay, you may be suffer'd civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a Place of Profit under him: For, in short, 'tis a judg'd Case of Conscience, to make the best of the King, and to side against him.

Enter

Enter King and Marmoutiere.

King. *Grillon*, be near me,
There's something for my Service to be done,
Your Orders will be sudden, now withdraw.

Gril. [*Afide.*] Well, I dare trust my Niece, event tho' she comes of my own Family ; but if she Cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honesty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a general Rule without one Exception.

[*Exeunt Gril. and Alph.*]

Mar. You bid my Unkle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This Hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Something of Moment hangs upon this Hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next, and next.
My Time is all ta'en up on Ufury ;
I never am before-hand with my Hours,
But every one has Work before it comes.

Mar. There's something for my Service to be done ;
Those were your Words.

King. And you desire their Meaning.

Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may guess.

King. 'Tis searching there where Heaven can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not Man but by Surmise ;
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought.

I tell thee, *Marmoutiere*, I never speak,
Not when alone, for fear some Fiend should hear,
And blab my Secrets out.

Mar. You hate the *Guise*.

King. True, I did hate him.

Mar. And you hate him still.

King. I am reconcil'd.

Mar. Your Spirit is too high.

Great Souls forgive not Injuries, 'till Time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may shew, Forgiveness is their own ;
For else 'tis Fear to punish that forgives :
The Coward, not the King.

King. He has submitted.

Mar.

Mar. In Show, for in Effect he still insults.

King. Well, Kings must bear sometimes.

Mar. They must, 'till they can shake their Burthen off,
And that's, I think, your Aim.

King. Mistaken still:

All Favours, and Preferments, pass through them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they please.

Mar. These are your Arts to make 'em more secure;
Just so your Brother us'd the Admiral.

Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.

King. What said you, ha! what mean you *Marmoutiere*?

Mar. Nay, what mean you? that Start betray'd you,

King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartholomew*, [Sir.
Nor is *Blois Paris*.

Mar. 'Tis an open Town.

King. What then?

Mar. Where you are strongest.

King. Well, what then? [vok'd.

Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are pro-

King. O! thou hast set thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will sting thee dead.

Mar. Can I unknow it?

King. No, but keep it secret. [own,

Mar. Think, Sir, your Thoughts are still as much your
As when you kept the Key of your own Breast:

But since you let me in, I find it fill'd

With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guise*.

King. Murder! what Murder! use a softer Word,
And call it sovereign Justice.

Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:

But Justice bears the God-like Shape of Law,

And Law requires Defence, and equal Plea

betwixt th' Offender, and the righteous Judge.

King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws:

But when his Greatness overturns the Scales,

Then Kings are Justice in the last Appeal,

And forc'd by strong Necessity may strike:

In which indeed they assert the publick Good,

And, like sworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:

Unpleasant wholesome Work.

Mar.

| Mar. If this be needful.

King. Ha, did'st not thou thy self, in fathoming
The Depth of my Designs, drop there the Plummet ?
Did'st thou not say Affronts, so great, so publick,
I never could forgive ?

Mar. I did, but yet ———

King. What means, But yet ? 'tis Evidence so full,
If the last Trumpet sounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I shou'd meet the Saints half Way :
And in the Face of Heaven maintain the Fact.

Mar. Maintain it then to Heaven, but not to me :
Do you love me ?

King. Can you doubt it ?

Mar. Yes, I can doubt it : if you can deny :
Love begs once more this great Offender's Life.
Can you forgive the Man you justly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to spare him ?
One whom you may suspect I more than pity,
(For I would have you see, that what I ask,
I know is wondrous difficult to grant,)
Can you be thus extravagantly good ?

King. What then ? for I begin to fear my Firmness
And doubt the soft Destruction of your Tongue.

Mar. Then in Return, I swear to Heaven and you,
To give you all the Preference of my Soul :
No Rebel Rival to disturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[King walks awhile, then wipes his Eyes, and speaks]

King. You've conquer'd ; all that's past shall be forgiv'n
My lavish Love has made a lavish Grant :
But know, this Act of Grace shall be my last.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him desist, and tempt Revenge no further :
For by yond' Heaven that's conscious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

Deputies appearing at the Door.

The Deputies are entring, you must leave me :
Thus Tyrant-busines all my Hours usurps,
And makes me live for others.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a prosperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. [Exit.

Enter Deputies of the Three States.

Cardinal of Guise, and Archbishop of Lyons,
at the Head of 'em.

King. Well, my good Lords, what Matters of Import-
Employ'd the States this Morning? [tance

Arch-Bish. One high Point
Was warmly canvass'd in the Commons House,
And will be soon Resolv'd.

King. What was't?

Card. Succession.

King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvass'd, or so soon Resolv'd.

Card. Things necessary must sometimes be sudden.

King. No sudden Danger threatens you, my Lord.

Arch-Bish. What may be sudden, must be counted so.
We hope, and wish your Life: But yours and ours
Are in the Hand of Heaven.

King. My Lord, they are:
Yet in a natural way I may live long,
If Heaven, and you my loyal Subjects, please.

Arch-Bish. But since good Princes, like your Majesty,
Take care of Dangers meerly possible,
Which may concern their Subjects whose they are,
And for whom Kings are made.

King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And so the Ties are too.

Card. To cut things short,
The Commons will decree to exclude Navarre
From the Succession of the Realm of France.

King. Decree, my Lord! What! one Estate decree?
Where then are th' other two, and what am I?

The Government is cast up somewhat short,
The Clergy and Nobility cashier'd,

Five hundred popular Figures on a Row,
And I my self that am, or should be King,

An o'ergrown Cypher set before the Sum:

What Reasons urge our Sovereigns for th' Exclusion?

V o l. V.

N

Arch-Bish.

Arch-Bish. He stands suspected, Sir, of Heresie.

King. Has he been call'd to make his just Defence ?

Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.

King. To whom ?

Card. The Commons.

[know ?

King. What is't those Gods the Commons do not
But Heresie, you Churchmen teach us Vulgar,
Supposes obstinate, and stiff persisting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected : has this Course been us'd ?

Arch-Bish. We grant it has not, but —————

King. Nay, give me leave,

I urge from your own Grant, it has not been :
If then in Process of a petty Sum,
Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be given :
Much less in the Succession of a Crown,
Which after my Decease, by Right inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navarre*.

Card. The Right of Souls is still to be preferr'd,
Religion must not suffer for a Claim.

King. If Kings may be excluded or depos'd,
Whene'er you cry Religion to the Crowd,
'That Doctrine makes Rebellion orthodox,
And Subjects must be Traitors to be sav'd.

Arch-Bish. Then Heresy's entail'd upon the Throne.

King. You would entail Confusion, Wars and Slaughters :
Those Ills are certain ; what you name, contingent.
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis sincere,
Above Deceit, no Crookedness of Thought,
Says, what he means ; and what he says, performs :
Brave, but not rash ; successful, but not proud.
So much acknowledging, that he's uneasie
'Till every petty Service be o'erpaid.

Arch-Bish. Some say revengeful.

King. Some then libel him :

But that's what both of us have learn'd to bear.
He can forgive, but you disdain Forgiveness :
Your Chiefs are they no Libel must prophane :
Honour's a sacred Thing in all but Kings ;

But when your Rhymes assassinate our Fame,
You hug your nauseous, blund'ring Ballad-Wits,
And pay 'em, as if Nonsense were a Merit,
If it can mean but Treason.

Arch-Bish. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge —

King. And I have more to answer; let 'em know,
My Royal Brother of *Navarre* shall stand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good Men will never fail his Cause,
And all the bad shall be constrain'd by Laws.

Arch-Bish. Since gentle Means t'exclude *Navarre* are
To-morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd, [vain,
To make the Duke of *Guise* Lieutenant-General;
Which Power most graciously confirm'd by yo
Will stop this headlong Torrent of Succession,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it.
In hope you'll not oppose what must be done,
We wish you, Sir, a long and prosp'rous Reign.

[*Exeunt omnes, but the King.*]

King. To-morrow *Guise* is made Lieutenant-General,
Why then to-morrow I no more am King;
'Tis time to push my slacken'd Vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all;
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heaven is wearied with repeated Crimes,
'Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Enter Grillon to him.

Gril. 'Tis just th' appointed Hour you bid me wait.

King. So just, as if thou wert inspir'd to come;
As if the Guardian-Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'erlept himself so many Years,
Just now was rous'd, and brought thee to my Rescue.

Gril. I hear the *Guise* will be Lieutenant-General.

King. And can'st thou suffer it?

Gril. Nay, if you will suffer it, then well may I. If
Kings will be so civil to their Subjects, to give up all
Things tamely, they first turn Rebels to themselves, and
that's a fair Example for their Friends; 'sLife, Sir, 'tis a
dangerous Matter to be loyal on the wrong side, to serve

my Prince in Spight of him; if you'll be a Royalist your self, there are Millions of honest Men will fight for you; but if you wo'not, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more: I am resolv'd.

The Course of Things can be with-held no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed End:
My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Presses for Birth, and longs to be disclos'd.

Grillon, the *Guise* is doom'd — to sudden Death:
The Sword must end him; has not thine an Edge?

Gril. Yes, and a Point too; I'll challenge him.

King. ——— I bid thee kill him. [Walking.]

Gril. ——— So I mean to do.

King. ——— Without thy Hazard.

Gril. Now I understand you, I shou'd murther him:
I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.

King. ——— Dost thou not hate him?

Gril. ——— Yes.

King. Hast thou not said,
That he deserves it?

Gril. Yes, but how have I
Deserv'd to do a Murther?

King. 'Tis no Murther:

'Tis Sovereign Justice urg'd from Self-Defence.

Gril. 'Tis all confest, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go. Thou art a Coward.

Gril. You are my King.

King. Thou say'st, thou dar'st not kill him.

Gril. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durst have don't.

King. Thou hast done worse in thy long course of Arms.
Hast thou ne'er kill'd a Man?

Gril. Yes, when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Hast thou not plunder'd from the helpless Poor?
Snatch'd from the sweating Labourer his Food?

Gril. Sir, I have eaten and drank in my own Defence,
when I was hungry and thirsty. I have plunder'd, when
you have not paid me — I have been content with a
Farmer's Daughter, when a better Whore was not to be
had. As for cutting off a Traitor, I'll execute him law-
fully

fully in my own Function, when I meet him in the Field; but for your Chamber-Practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge unjust, or tyrannous? Heaven knows I love not Blood.

Gril. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice. You may dispatch a Rebel lawfully, but the Mischief is, that Rebel has given me my Life at the Barricadoes, and 'till I have return'd his Bribe, I am not upon even Terms with him.

King. Give me thy Hand, I love thee not the worse; Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conscience. Thou shalt not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good; But keep my Secret, for that's Conscience too.

Gril. When I disclose it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one: Call *Lognac* hither straight, and *St. Malin*; Bid *Larchant* find some unsuspected Means To keep Guards doubled at the Council-Door, That none pass in or out, but those I call: The rest I'll think on further, so farewell.

Gril. Heaven bless your Majesty! [kill'd: Tho' I'll not kill him for you, I'll defend you when he's For the honest Part of the Jobb let me alone.

[*Exeunt severally.*

The SCENE opens, and discovers Men and Women at a Banquet, Malicorne standing by.

Mal. This is the Solemn Annual Feast I keep. As this Day twelve Year, on this very Hour, I sign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell; I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleasure, Three things which mortal Men do covet most. And 'faith, I over-fold it to the Fiend: What, One and twenty Years, nine yet to come! How can a Soul be worth so much to Devils? O how I hug my self, to out-wit these Fools of Hell! And yet a sudden Damp, I know not why, Has seiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy Weight, Hangs on their active Springs, I want a Song To rowze me, my Blood freezes: Musick there.

After a Song and Dance, loud Knocking at the Door.

Enter a Servant.

What Noise is that?

Serv. An ill-look'd furly Man,
With a hoarse Voice, says he must speak with you.

Mal. Tell him I dedicate this Day to Pleasure,
I neither have, nor will have Business with him.

[Exit Serv.]

What louder yet, what saucy Slave is this? *[Knock louder.]*

Re-enter Servant.

[him:]

Serv. He says you have, and must have Business with
Come out, or he'll come in, and spoil your Mirth.

Mal. I wo't not.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him so,

[Knock again more fiercely.]

My Hair stands up in Bristles when I see him :
The Dogs run into Corners ; the Spade-Bitch
Bayes at his Back, and howls.

Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy self. *[Ex. Serv.]*

SCENE closes upon the Company.

Enter Melanax, an Hour-Glass in his Hand, almost empty.

How dar'st thou interrupt my softer Hours?

By Heaven I'll ram thee in some knotted Oak,
Where thou shalt sigh and groan to whistling Winds,
Upon the lonely Plain : *[Sands,]*

Or I'll confine thee deep in the Red Sea grov'ling on the
Ten thousand Billows rowling o'er thy Head.

Mel. Hoh, hoh, hoh.

Mal. Laugh'st thou, malicious Fiend ?
I'll ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,
Like Parchment in a Flame.

Mel. Thou can'st not do't.

Behold this Hour-Glass.

Mal. Well, and what of that?

Mel. See'st thou these ebbing Sands?

They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs, the Bellows of thy mortal Breath,
Shall sink for ever down, and heave no more.

Mal. What, resty, Fiend?

Nine Years thou hast to serve.

Mel. Not full nine Minutes.

Mal. Thouly'st, look on thy Bond, and view the Date.

Mel. Then wilt thou stand to that without Appeal?

Mal. I will, so help me Heav'n.

Mel. So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*]

There, Fool, behold who lyes, the Devil, or thou?

Mal. Ha! one and twenty Years are shrunk to twelve.

Do my Eyes dazle?

Mel. No, they see too true:

They dazl'd once, I cast a Mist before 'em,
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull Sight
Appear'd full Twenty one.

Mal. There's Equity in Heaven for this, a Cheat.

Mel. Fool, thou hast quitted thy Appeal to Heaven,
To stand to this.

Mal. Then I am lost for ever.

Mel. Thou art.

Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?

Mel. Yes, to repent, then thou hadst cheated me.

Mal. Add but a Day, but half a Day, an Hour:
For sixty Minutes, I'll forgive nine Years.

Mel. No, not a Moment's Thought beyond my Time:
Dispatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor single Fare.

Mal. So pitiless?

But yet I may command thee, and I will:
I love the *Guise*, even with my latest Breath,
Beyond my Soul, and my lost Hopes of Heav'n;
I charge thee by my short-liv'd Power, disclose
What Fate attends my Master.

Mel. If he goes

To Council when he next is call'd, he dies.

Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my last Adieu,

Say, I shall never see his Eyes again:

But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,

Bid him believe my latest Breath, he dies. [*Exit Serv.*]

The Sands run yet. O do not shake the Glafs:

[*Devil shakes the Glafs.*]

I shall be thine too soon ; cou'd I repent,
Heaven's not confin'd to Moments, Mercy, Mercy !

Mel. I see thy Pray'rs disperst into the Winds,
And Heaven has puf't 'em by :

I was an Angel once of foremost Rank,
Stood next the shining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almost gaz'd I Glory in the Face,
That I could bear it, and star'd farther in,
'Twas but a Moment's Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell ; but Man, base Earth-born Man,
Sins past a Sum, and might be pardon'd more :
And yet 'tis just ; for we were perfect Light,
And saw our Crimes ; Man in his Body's Mire,
Half Soul, half Clod, sinks blindfold into Sin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Lusts within.

Mel. Then I have Hope.

Mal. Not so, I preach'd on purpose
To make thee lose this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sand creeps low, Despair, Despair, Despair.

Mal. Where am I now ? upon the Brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to push me on,
And Heaven behind me closing all its Doors.
A Thousand Years for every Hour I've past,
O cou'd I 'scape so cheap ! But ever, ever !
Still to begin an endless Round of Woes,
'To be renew'd for Pains, and last for Hell !
Yet can Pains last, when Bodies cannot last ?
Can earthly Substance endless Flames endure ?
Or, when one Body wears and flits away,
Do Souls thrust forth another Crust of Clay ?
To fence and guard their tender Forms from Fire —
I feel my Heart-strings rend, I'm here, I'm gone :
Thus Men too careless of their future State,
Dispute, know nothing, and believe too late.

[*A Flash of Lightning, they sink together.*]

Enter Duke of Guise, Cardinal, and Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Message from a dying Man,
A Prophecy indeed !

For Souls just quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make swift Acquaintance with their kindred Forms,
And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.

Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the securer Side :
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is such,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Arch-Bishop.

Gui. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Sovereign past a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me :
Then if he dares but to be just, I die.

'Tis too much Odds against me, I'll depart,
And finish Greatness at some safer Time. [hence,

Arch-Bish. By Heaven 'tis *Harry's* Plot to fright you
That, Coward-like, you might forsake your Friends.

Gui. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne*.

Arch-Bish. Yes, some Court-Devil, no doubt :
If you depart, consider, good my Lord,
You are the Master-spring that moves our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Presence, which buoys up our Hearts,
The League will sink beneath a Royal Name :
Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings
Will soon be shaken off; things done, repeal'd;
And things undone, past future Means to do.

Card. I know not, I begin to taste his Reasons.

Arch-Bish. Nay, were the Danger certain of your Stay,
An Act so mean would lose you all your Friends,
And leave you single to the Tyrant's Rage :
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Gui. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll stand the Shock,
Where-e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful, and united ;
He will not venture on so rash a Deed :
And now I wonder I should fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to conquer and contemn.

Enter Marmoutiere.

Arch-Bish. Your Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the
And warn you not to go.

[Scale,
Gui.

Gui. O fear her not,
I will be there. [Ex. Arch-Bishop and Cardinals]

What can she mean, Repent?
Or is it cast betwixt the King and her
To found me? come what will, it warms my Heart
With secret Joy, which these my ominous Statesmen
Left dead within me; ha! she turns away.

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Visit, Sir?

Gui. No, Madam, I at last have gain'd the Point
Of mightiest Minds, to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. — Believe me, *Guise*, 'twere gallantly resolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the Inside too.

Why came that Sigh uncall'd? For Love of me
Partly perhaps, but more for Thirst of Glory,
Which now again dilates it self in Smiles,
As if you scorn'd that I should know your Purpose.

Gui. I change, 'tis true, because I love you still,
Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own Despight,
I tell you all, even at that very Moment,
I know you straight betray me to the King.

Mar. O *Guise*, I never did; but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I must never see you more.

Gui. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reason for't,
Therefore, what am I to expect from Pity?
From yours, I mean, when you behold me slain?

Mar. First answer me, and then I'll speak my Heart.
Have you, O *Guise*, since your last solemn Oath,
Stood firm to what you swore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er awhile, because again,
I tell you, I must never see you more.

Gui. Never! She's set on by the King to sift me.
Why by that Never then, all I have sworn
Is true, as that the King designs to end me.

Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints! you live.

Gui. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white in
This very Day he means to cut me off. [Council,

Mar. — By Heaven then you're forsworn, you've
broke your Vows.

Gui. — By you the Justice of the Earth I have not.

Mar. — By you Dissembler of the World you have.

I know the King.

Gui. — I do believe you, Madam.

Mar. — I have try'd you both.

Gui. — Not me, the King you mean.

Mar. — Do these o'erboiling Answers suit the *Guise*?

But go to Council, Sir, there shew your Truth,

If you are innocent, you're safe; but O

If I shou'd chance to see you stretch'd along,

Your Love, O *Guise*, and your Ambition gone,

That venerable Aspect pale with Death,

I must conclude you merited your End. [ther.

Gui. — You must, you will, and smile upon my Mur-

Mar. Therefore, if you are conscious of a Breach,

Confess it to me : Lead me to the King,

He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,

And place you next him ; therefore if you're right,

Make me not fear it by Asseverations ;

But speak your Heart, and O resolve me truly.

Gui. — Madam, I ha' thought, and trust you with my

You saw but now my parting with my Brother, [Soul.

The Prelate too of *Lyons* ; 'twas debated

Warmly against me, that I shou'd go on.

Mar. — Did I not tell you, Sir ?

Gui. — True, but in spight

Of those Imperial Arguments they urg'd,

I was not to be work'd from second Thought,

There we broke off ; And, mark me, if I live,

You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.

Mar. Go then. O Heaven ! Why must I still suspect you?

Why heaves my Heart ? And why o'erflow my Eyes ?

Yet if you live, O *Guise*, there, there's the Cause,

I never shall converse, nor see you more.

Gui. O say not so, for once again I'll see you.

Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,

Yet say not never ; for I hope by Virtue

To Merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.

Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluse for ever.

Gui. Ha ! Stay 'till Morning : Tapers are too dim ;

Stay 'till the Sun arises to salute you ;

Stay 'till I lead you to that dismal Den

Of

300 *The DUKE of GUISE.*

Of Virgins, buried quick, and stay for ever.

Mar. Alas! Your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it :
Nor was there any other Way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my suspected Honour.

Gui. Hear me a Word, one Sigh, one Tear, at parting,
And one last Look ; for, O my earthly Saint,
I see your Face pale, as the Cherubins
At *Adam's* Fall.

Mar. O Heav'n ! I now confess
My Heart bleeds for thee *Guise*.

Gui. Why Madam, why ?

Mar. Because by this Disorder,
And that sad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.

Gui. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death cou'd make me tremble thus :
Be pitiful to those Infirmities
Which thus unman me ; stay 'till the Council's o'er ;
If you are pleas'd to grant an Hour or two
To my last Pray'r, I'll thank you as my Saint :
If you refuse me, Madam, I'll not murmur.

Mar. Alas, my *Guise* ! O Heav'n what did I say ?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pardon it, since 'tis my last.

Gui. O let me crawl, vile as I am, and kiss
Your sacred Robe : Is't possible, your Hand !

[*She gives him her Hand.*]

O that it were my last expiring Moment,
For I shall never taste the like again.

Mar. Farewel! my Profelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.

Gui. I have none but you,
Must I ne'er see you more ?

Mar. I have sworn you must not :
Which Thought thus roots me here, melts my Resolves,
[*Weeps.*]

And makes me loyter when the Angels call me.

Gui. O ye Celestial Dews ! O Paradise!
O Heav'n ! O Joys ! Ne'er to be tasted more.

Mar. Nay, take a little more, cold *Marmoutiere*,
The

The Duke of Guise. 301

The temperate, devoted *Marmoutiere*

Is gone, a last Embrace I must bequeath you.

Gui. And O let me return it with another.

Mar. Farewel for ever; Ah, *Guise*, tho' now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls shall meet — Farewel — and Io's fings above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier Spi-
rits prove,

But all are blest, and all enjoy an everlasting Love.

[*Exit Marmoutiere.*]

Guise Solus.

Gui. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? there's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Metal, and my Spirits gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague,
I wish my Flesh were off: What now! thou bleed'st
Three, and no more! What then? And why what then?
But just three Drops! And why not just three Drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty?

Enter a Page.

[wait you.]

Page. My Lord, your Brother and th' Arch-Bishop

Gui. I come; down Devil, ha! Must I stumble too?
Away ye Dreams. What if it thunder'd now?

Or if a Raven cross'd me in my Way?

Or now it comes, because last Night I dreamt

The Council-Hall was hung with Crimson round,

And all the Cieling plaister'd o'er with Black.

No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rowling Lakes,

Fathomless Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,

Fantoms be gone, if I must die, I'll fall

True Politician, and defy you all.

SCENE II. *The Court before the Council-Hall.*

Grillon, Larchant, *Soldiers plac'd, People crowding.*

Gril. Are your Guards doubled, Captain?

Larch. Sir, they are.

[tion.]

Gril. When the *Guise* comes, remember your Peti-
Make way there for his Eminence; give back,
Your Eminence comes late.

Enter

*Enter Two Cardinals, Counsellors, the Cardinal of Guise,
Arch-Bishop of Lyons, last the Guise.*

Gui. Well, Colonel, are we Friends?

Gril. 'Faith, I think not.

Gui. Give me your Hand.

Gril. No, for that gives a Heart.

Gui. Yet we shall clasp in Heaven.

Gril. By Heaven we shall not.

Unless it be with Gripes.

Gui. True *Grillon* still.

Larch. My Lord.

Gui. Ha! Captain, you are well attended;
If I mistake not, Sir, your Number's doubl'd.

Larch. All these have serv'd against the Hereticks;
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds and lost Arrears.

Gui. It shall be done.

Again my Heart, there is a Weight upon thee,
But I will fight it off. Captain farewell.

[Exeunt Cardinal, Guise, &c.]

Gril. Shut the Hall-Door, and bar the Castle-Gates;
March, march there closer yet, Captain, to the Door.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. *The Council-Hall.*

Gui. I do not like my self to-day.

Arch-Bish. — A Qualm, he dares not.

Card. — That's one Man's Thought; he dares, and
that's another's.

Enter Grillon.

Gui. O *Marmoutiere*, ha, never see thee more?
Peace my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal Circling of my Blood?

I'll stand it while I may. O mighty Nature!

Why this Alarm, why do'st thou call me on

To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their Use? *[Swoons.]*

Card. Ha! He's fall'n, chase him: He comes again.

Gui. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.

Gril. Th' Effect

The DUKE of GUISE.

303

Of last Night's Lechery with some working Whore.

Enter Revol.

Rev. My Lord of *Guise*, the King would speak with

Gui. O Cardinal, O *Lyons*, but no more ; [you.

Yes, one Word more ; thou hast a Privilege

[*To the Cardinal.*

To speak with a Recluse. O therefore tell her,

If never thou behold'st me breathe again,

Tell her I sigh'd it last — O *Marmoutiere*.

[*Exit Bowing.*

Card. You will have all things your own way, my Lord.

By Heav'n, I have strange Horror on my Soul.

Arch-Bish. I say again, that *Henry* dares not do't.

Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him.

I know he scorns to stoop to mean Revenge ;

But when some mightier Mischieffhocks his Toure,

He shoots at once with Thunder on his Wings,

And makes it Air ; but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.

Guise within.] Murtherers, Villains !

Arch-Bish. I hear your Brother's Voice, run to the

Card. Help, Help, the *Guise* is murther'd. [Door.

Arch-Bish. Help, Help.

Gril. Cease your vain Cries, you are the King's Prisoners,

Take 'em *Dugast* into your Custody.

Card. We must obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE draws, behind it a Traverse.

The Guise is assaulted by Eight, They stab him in all Parts, but most in the Head.

Gui. O Villains ! Hell-Hounds ! Hold :

[*Half draws his Sword, is held.*

Murther'd, O basely, and not draw my Sword,

Dog, *Logniac*, but my own Blood choaks me.

Down, Villain, down, I'm gone, O *Marmoutiere*.

[*Flings himself upon him — Dies.*

The

The Traverse is drawn.

The King rises from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet-Council.

King. Open the Clofet, and let in the Council ;
Bid *Dugast* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be answer'd on your Lives.

Enter Queen-Mother followed by the Counsellors.

O, Madam, you are welcome ; how goes your Health ?

Qu. M. A little mended, Sir. What have you done ?

King. That which has made me King of *France*, for
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead. [there

Qu. M. You have cut out dangerous Work, but make
With Speed and Resolution. [it up

King. Yes, I'll wear
The Fox no longer, but put on the Lyon ;
And since I could resolve to take the Heads
Of this great Insurrection, you the Members
Look to't, beware, turn from your Stubbornness,
And learn to know me, for I will be King. [droop,

Gril. 'Sdeath, how the Traitors lowre and quake, and
And gather to the Wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cause !

King. [Looking upon Guise.]

Be Witnels, Heaven, I gave him treble Warning ;
He's gone ; no more ; disperse, and think upon't.
Beware my Sword, which if I once unsheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
None shall atone the Vows of speedy Justice,
'Till Fate to Ruin every Traitor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.



A SONG in the FIFTH ACT of
the Duke of GUISE.

SHEPHERDESS.

Tell me, Thyrsis, tell your Anguish,
Why you sigh, and why you languish;
When the Nymph whom you adore,
Grants the Blessing
Of Possessing,
What can Love and I do more?

SHEPHERD.

Think it's Love beyond all Measure,
Makes me faint away with Pleasure;
Strength of Cordial may destroy.
And the Blessing
Of Possessing,
Kills me with Excess of Joy.

SHEPHERDESS.

Thyrsis, how can I believe you!
But confess, and I'll forgive you:
Men are false, and so are you,
Never Nature
Fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

SHEPHERD.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown
Ever shining,
And refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

Chorus together.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever shining,
And refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.



EPILOGUE

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN*.

Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

Much Time and Trouble this poor Play has cost ;
And, 'faith, I doubted once the Cause was lost.
Yet no one Man was meant, nor great, nor small ;
Our Poets, like frank Gamesters, throw at all.
They took no single Aim : ———
But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd Broadsides at the whole Party.
Duels are Crimes ; but when the Cause is right,
In Battle, every Man is bound to fight.
For what shou'd hinder me to sell my Skin,
Dear as I cou'd, if once my Hand were in ?
Se Defendendo never was a Sin.
'Tis a fine World, my Masters, right or wrong,
The Whiggs must talk, and Tories hold their Tongue,
They must do all they can ———
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian Mind ;
And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind ;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wond'rous wise,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to rise.
When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally ;
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan, or Mally
Tipt you th' inviting Wink, stand, Shall I, shall I ?

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EPILOGUE.

A Trimmer cry'd, (that heard me tell this Story)
Fie, Mistress Cook, 'faith you're too rank a Tory!
Wish not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard Cases;
You Women love to see Men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the Devil his Due.
Lenitives, says he, suit best with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent Physician.
I love no Blood — Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But Hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.
We Trimmers are for holding all Things even:
Yes — just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
Have we not had Mens Lives enough already?
Yes sure: — But you're for holding all Things steady.
Now since the Weight hangs all on one Side, Brother,
You Trimmers shou'd to poize it hang on t'other.
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of Steering,
Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beasts; but just a kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cause,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws.



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THE
VINDICATION:
OR, THE
PARALLEL
OF THE
French HOLY LEAGUE,
AND THE
English League and Covenant,
Turn'd into a Seditious Libel against the
KING and His ROYAL HIGHNESS,
BY
Thomas Hunt, and the Authors of the *Reflections*
upon the Pretended Parallel in the Play called
The DUKE of *GUISE*.

*Turno tempus erit magno cùm optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta: & cùm spolia ista, diemque
Oderit.*——

Printed in the YEAR M DCC XXXV.

Includes as well as the Prologue, the "Epilogue, written by the same Author, Spoken by Mrs. Cooke," and "Another Epilogue intended to have been Spoken to the Play, before it was forbidden last summer by Mr. Dryden."

"The Duke of Guise, A Tragedy," was written by John Dryden and Nat. Lee; its object was to serve the Duke of York, whose succession was opposed. Dryden was severely attacked for this piece, which was considered as levelled at the then enemies of the English Court.



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THE
VINDICATION
OF THE
DUKE *of* GUISE.

1685.

IN the Year of His Majesty's Happy Re-
stitution, the First Play I undertook was
The Duke of Guise; as the fairest Way,
which *The Act of Indemnity* had then left
us, of setting forth the *Rise* of the *Late*
Rebellion; and by *Exploding* the Villai-
nies of it upon the *Stage*, to *precaution* *Posterity* against
the like Errors.

As this was my *first Essay*, so it met with the Fortune
of an *unfinish'd Piece*; that is to say, it was damn'd in
private, by the Advice of some Friends to whom I
shew'd it; who freely told me, that it was an excellent
Subject; but not so artifiically wrought, as they could
have wish'd: And now let my Enemies make their best
of this Confession.

The Scene of the Duke of Guise's Return to Paris, A-
GAINST the King's *Positive Command*, was then writ-
ten;

ten: I have the Copy of it still by me, almost the same which it now remains, being taken *Verbatim* out of *Davila*: For where the *Action* is *Remarkable*, and the *very Words related*, the Poet is not at Liberty to change them much; and if he will be adding any thing for *Ornament*, it ought to be *wholly of a Piece*. This do I take for a sufficient Justification of that Scene, unless they will make the *pretended Parallel* to be a *Prophecy*, as well as a *Parallel of Accidents*, that were *twenty Years after to come*. Neither do I find, that they can suggest the least Colour for't in any other Part of the Tragedy.

But now comes the main Objection, *Why was it stopped then?* To which I shall render this just Account, with all due Respects to those who were the Occasion of it.

Upon a wandering Rumour (which I will divide betwixt *Malice* and *Mistake*) that some Great Persons were represented, or personated in it, the Matter was complained of to my Lord Chamberlain; who, thereupon, appointed the Play to be brought to him, and prohibited the Acting of it 'till further Order; commanding me, after this to wait upon his Lordship; which I did, and humbly desir'd him to compare the *Play* with the *History*, from whence the Subject was taken, referring to the *First Scene* of the *Fourth Act* whereupon the *Exception* was grounded, and leaving *Davila* (the *Original*) with his Lordship. This was before *Midsummer*; and about two Months after, I receiv'd the Play back again from his Lordship, but without any positive Order whether it *should* be Acted or *not*; neither was Mr. Lee, or my self any way solicitous about it: But this indeed I ever said, That it was intended for the *King's Service*; and *His Majesty* was the best Judge, whether it answer'd that End or no; and that I reckon'd it my Duty to submit, if his Majesty, for any Reason whatsoever, should deem it unfit for the *Stage*. In the *Interim*, a strict Scrutiny was made, and *no Parallel* of the Great Person design'd, could be made out. But this Push failing, there were immediately started some terrible Insinuations, that the *Person* of *His Majesty* was represented under that of *Henry the Third*, which if they could have found out, would have concluded

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ed, perchance, not only in the *stopping* of the *Play*, but in the *hanging up* of the *Poets*. But so it was, that His Majesty's *Wisdom* and *Justice* acquitted both the *One*, and the *Other*; and when the *Play it self* was almost *forgotten*, there were Orders given for the *Acting* of it.

This is Matter of *Fact*; and I have the Honour of so Great Witnesses to the Truth of what I have deliver'd, that it will need no other Appeal. As to the exposing of any Person living, our Innocency is so clear, that it is almost unnecessary to say, *It was not in my Thought*; and as far as any one Man can vouch for another, I do believe it was as little in Mr. *Lee's*. And now since some People have been so busy as to cast out false and scandalous Surmises, how far we two agreed upon the Writing of it, I must do a common Right both to Mr. *Lee* and *my self*, to declare publicly, that it was at his earnest Desire, without any Solicitation of mine, that this Play was produced betwixt us. After the Writing of *OEdipus*, I pass'd a Promise to join with him in another; and he happen'd to claim the Performance of that Promise, just upon the finishing of a Poem, when I would have been glad of a little Respite before the undertaking of a second Task. The Person that pass'd betwixt us, knows this to be true; and Mr. *Lee* himself, I am sure, will not dispute it: So that I did not [*seduce him to join with me*] as the malicious Authors of the *Reflections* are pleas'd to call it; but Mr. *Lee's* Loyalty is above so ridiculous a Slander. I know very well, that the Town did ignorantly call and take this to be my *Play*; but I shall not arrogate to myself the Merits of my Friend. *Two Thirds* of it belong'd to him; and then to me only the *First Scene* of the Play; the whole *Fourth Act*, and the *first half*, or somewhat more of the *Fifth*.

The Pamphleteers, I know, do very boldly insinuate, that before the *Acting* of it, I took the whole Play to my self; but finding afterwards how ill Success it had upon the Stage, I threw as much of it as possibly I could upon my Fellow. Now here are three damn'd Lyes crowded together into a very little Room: First, That I assum'd any Part of it to my self, which I had not written; wherein I appeal, not only to my particular Acquaintance, but to the whole

Company of *Actors*, who will witness for me, that in all the *Rehearsals*, I never pretended to any one *Scene* of Mr. Lee's, but did him all imaginable Right, in his Title to the greater Part of it. I hope I may, without *Vanity*, affirm to the World, that I never stood in Need of borrowing another Man's Reputation; and I have been as little guilty of the *Injustice*, of laying Claim to any thing which was not my own. Nay, I durst almost refer my self to some of the angry Poets on the other Side, whether I have not rather *countenanc'd* and *assist'd* their *Beginnings*, than *hinder'd* them from *Rising*. The two other Falsities are, the *ill Success* of the Play, and my *disowning* it. The former is manifestly without *Foundation*; for it *succeeded* beyond my very *Hopes*, having been frequently Acted, and never without a considerable Audience: And then 'tis a thousand to one, that having no Ground to *disown* it, I did not *disown* it; but the *Universe* to a *Nutshell* that I did not *disown* it for want of *Success*, when it *succeeded* so much beyond my *Expectation*. But my malignant Adversaries are the more excusable, for this coarse Method of breaking in upon *Truth* and *good Manners*, because it is the only Way they have to gratify the *Genius* and the *Interest* of the *Faction* together; and never so much Pains taken neither, to so very, very little Purpose. They *decry* the Play, but in such a manner, that it has the Effect of a *Recommendation*. They call it a *dull Entertainment*; and that's a dangerous Word, I must confess, from one of the greatest Masters in *humane Nature*, of that Faculty. Now I can forgive them this Reproach too, after all the rest: For this Play does openly discover the Original and Root of the Practices and Principles, both of their Party and Cause; and they are so well acquainted with all the Trains and Mazes of Rebellion, that there's nothing new to them in the whole History. Or what if it were a little insipid, there was no Conjuring that I remember in *Pope Joan*: And the *Lancashire Witches* were without Doubt the most *insipid* Jades that ever flew upon a Stage; and even *These*, by the Favour of a Party, made a Shift to hold up their Heads. Now if we have out-done these Plays in their own *dull Way*, their

their Authors have some Sort of *Privilege* to throw the first Stone: But we shall rather chuse to yield the Point of *Dullness*, than contend for it, against so indisputable a Claim.

But *Matters of State* (it seems) are canvassed on the Stage, and Things of the gravest Concernment, there managed: And who were the *Aggressors* I beseech you, but a few factious, popular Hirelings, that by tampering the Theatres, and by poisoning the People, made a Play-house more seditious than a Conventicle: So that the Loyal Party crave only the same Freedom of defending the Government, which the other took before-hand of exposing and defaming it. There was no Complaint of any Disorders of the Stage, in the Bustle that was made (even to the forming of a Party) to uphold a Farce of theirs. Upon the first Day, the whole Faction (in a Manner) appeared; but after one Sight of it, they sent their Proxies of Serving-men and Porters to Clap in the Right of their Patrons: And it was impossible ever to have gotten off the Nonsense of three Hours for Half a Crown, but for the Providence of so congruous an Audience. Thus far, I resume, the Reckoning is even, for bad Plays, on both sides; and for Plays written for a Party. I shall say nothing of their Poets Affection to the Government; unless upon an absolute and an odious Necessity. But to return to the Pretended Parallel.

I have said enough already to convince any Man of common Sense, That there neither was, nor could be any Parallel intended: And it will farther appear, from the Nature of the Subject; there being no Relation betwixt Henry the Third and the Duke of Guise, except that of the King's marrying into the Family of Lorraine. If a Comparison had been design'd, how easy had it been either to have found a Story, or to have invented one, where the Tyes of Nature had been nearer? If we consider their Actions or their Persons, a much less Proportion will be yet found betwixt them: and if we bate the Popularity, perhaps none at all. If we consider them in Reference to their Parties; the One was manifestly the Leader, the Other, at the worst, is but misled. The Designs of the One tended openly to Usurpation: Those of the Other

may yet be interpreted more fairly ; and I hope from the natural Candour and Probity of his Temper, that it will come to a perfect Submission and Reconcilement at last. But that which perfectly destroys this *pretended Parallel*, is, that our Picture of the *Duke of Guise* is exactly according to the *Original* in the *History*: his Actions, his Manners, nay, sometimes his very Words, are so justly copied, that whoever has read him in *Davila*, sees him the same here. There is no going out of the Way, no Dash of a Pen to make any *By-feature* resemble him to any other Man : And indeed, excepting his Ambition, there was not in *France*, or perhaps in any other Country, any Man of his Age vain enough to hope he cou'd be mistaken for him. So that if we *wou'd* have made a *Parallel*, we *cou'd* not. And yet I fancy, that where I make it my Business to draw *Likeness*, it will be no hard Matter to judge who fate for the *Picture*. For the *Duke of Guise's Return to Paris contrary to the King's Order*, enough already has been said ; 'Twas too considerable in the Story to be omitted, because it occasion'd the Mischiefs that ensued : But in *this Likeness*, which was only *casual*, no Danger follow'd, I am confident there was none intended : and am satisfied that none was fear'd. But the Argument drawn from our evident Design is yet, if possible, more convincing. The first Words of the *Prologue* spake the *Play* to be a *Parallel*, and then you are immediately inform'd how far that *Parallel* extended, and of what it is so. *The Holy League begot the Covenant, Guisards got the Whig, &c.* So then it is not, (as the snarling Authors of the *Reflections* tell you) a *Parallel* of the *Men*, but of the *Times*. A *Parallel* of the *Factions*, and of the *Leaguers*. And every one knows that this *Prologue* was written before the stopping of the *Play*. Neither was the Name alter'd on any such Account as they insinuate, but laid aside long before, because a Book call'd the *Parallel* had been printed, resembling the *French League* to the *English Covenant* ; and therefore we thought it not convenient to make Use of another Man's Title. The *chief Person* in the *Tragedy*, or he whose *Disasters* are the *Subject* of it, may in Reason give the Name ; and so it was call'd *The Duke*

of Guise. Our Intention therefore was to make the Play a Parallel, betwixt the *Holy League* plotted by the House of *Guise* and its *Adherents*, with the *Covenant* plotted by the *Rebels* in the Time of King *Charles the First*, and those of the *New Association*, which was the Spawn of the *Old Covenant*.

But *This Parallel* is plain, that the *Exclusion* of the *Lawful Heir* was the main Design of both Parties: And that the Endeavours to get the *Lieutenancy* of France established on the *Head* of the *League*, is in Effect the same with offering to get the *Militia* out of the *King's Hands* (as declar'd by Parliament) and consequently that the Power of Peace and War should be wholly in the People. 'Tis also true that the *Tumults* in the *City*, in the Choice of their *Officers*, have had no small Resemblance with a *Parisian Rabble*. And I am afraid that both *Their Faction* and *Ours* had the same Good Lord. I believe also, that if *Julian* had been written and calculated for the *Parisians*, as it was for our *Sectaries*, one of their *Sheriff's* might have mistaken too and call'd him *Julian the Apostle*. I suppose I need not push this Point any further; where the *Parallel* was intended, I am certain it will reach: But a larger Account of the Proceedings in the *City* may be expected from a better Hand, and I have no Reason to forestall it. In the mean Time, because there has been no *Actual Rebellion*, the *Faction* triumph in their *Loyalty*; which if it were out of *Principle*, all our Divisions would soon be ended, and we the happy People, which God and the Constitution of our Government have put us in Condition to be: But so long as they take it for a *Maxim*, That the *King* is but an *Officer in Trust*, that the *People*, or their *Representatives* are superior to him, Judges of *Miscarriages*, and have Power of *Revocation*, 'tis a plain Case, that whenever they please they may take up Arms; and according to *Their Doctrine*, lawfully too. Let them jointly renounce this one Opinion, as in Conscience and Law they are bound to do, because both Scripture and Acts of Parliament oblige them to it, and we will then thank their *Obedience* for our *Quiet*, whereas now we are only beholden to them for their *Fear*. The Miseries of

the last War are yet too fresh in all Mens Memory: And they are *not* Rebels only because they have been so too lately. An Author of theirs has told us roundly the *West-Country Proverb*; *Cbud eat more Cheese and chad it*: Their Stomach is as good as ever it was; but the Mischief on't is, they are either *muzzled*, or want their *Teeth*. If there were as many *Fanaticks* now in *England*, as there were *Christians* in the *Empire*, when *Julian* reign'd, I doubt we should not find them much inclin'd to *Passive Obedience*; and *Curse ye Meroz* would be oftner preach'd upon, than *Give to Caesar*, except in the Sense Mr. *Hunt* means it.

Having clearly shown wherein the *Parallel* consisted, which no Man can mistake, who does not wilfully; I need not justify my self, in what concerns the sacred Person of his Majesty. Neither the *French History*, nor our own could have supplied me, nor *Plutarch* himself, were he now alive, could have found a *Greek* or *Roman* to have compared to him, in that eminent Virtue of his *Clemency*; even his Enemies must acknowledge it to be *Superlative*, because they live by it. Far be it from Flattery, if I say, that there is nothing under Heaven, which can furnish me with a *Parallel*; and that in his *Mercy*, he is of all Men the *Truest Image* of his *Maker*.

Henry the Third was a Prince of a *mix'd Character*; he had, as an old *Historian* says of another, *Magnas Virtutes, nec minora Vitia*: But amongst those Virtues, I do not find his *forgiving Qualities* to be much celebrated. That he was deeply engaged in the bloody *Massacre* of *St. Bartholomew*, is notoriously known: And if the Relation printed in the *Memoirs of Villeroi* be true, he confesses there that the *Admiral* having brought him and the *Queen-Mother* into Suspicion with his Brother then reigning, for endeavouring to lessen his Authority, and draw it to themselves, he first design'd his Accuser's Death by *Maurevel*, who shot him with a *Carabine*, but fail'd to kill him; after which, he push'd on the *King* to that *dreadful Revenge*, which immediately succeeded. 'Tis true, the Provocations were high, there had been reiterated *Rebellions*, but a *Peace* was now concluded: it was solemnly

sworn

sworn to by both Parties, and as great an Assurance of *Safety* given to the *Protestants*, as the *Word of a King* and *publick Instruments* could make it. Therefore the Punishment was execrable, and it pleas'd God, (if we may dare to judge of his secret Providence) to cut off that King in the very Flower of his Youth, to blast his Successor in his Undertakings, to raise against him the Duke of *Guise*, the Complotter and Executioner of that inhumane Action (who by the Divine Justice, fell afterwards into the same Snare which he had laid for others) and finally, to die a violent Death himself, murder'd by a *Priest*, an *Enthusiast* of his own Religion. From these Premises, let it be concluded, if reasonably it can, that we could draw a *Parallel*, where the Lines were so diametrically opposite. We were indeed obliged by the Laws of Poetry, to cast into *Shadows* the *Vices* of this Prince; for an excellent Critick has lately told us, that *when a KING is nam'd, a HERO E is suppos'd*: 'Tis a Reverence due to Majesty, to make the Virtues as conspicuous, and the Vices as obscure as we can possibly. And this we own, we have either perform'd, or at least endeavour'd. But if we were more favourable to that Character than the Exactness of History would allow, we have been far from diminishing a *Greater*, by drawing it into Comparison. You may see through the whole Conduct of the Play, a *King* naturally *severe*, and a *Resolution* carried on to *revenge* himself to the uttermost on the *Rebellious Conspirators*. That this was sometimes shaken by Reasons of Policy and Pity, is confess'd; but it always return'd with greater Force, and ended at last in the Ruin of his Enemies. ¶ In the mean time we cannot but observe the wonderful Loyalty on the *other* Side; that the Play was to be stopp'd, because the *King* was *represented*. May we have many such Proofs of their Duty and Respect: But there was no Occasion for them here. 'Tis to be suppos'd, that His Majesty himself was made acquainted with this Objection; if he were so, he was the supream and only Judge of it; and then the Event justifies us: If it were suspected only by those whom he commanded, 'tis hard if his own Officers and Servants should not see as much Ill in it as other Men, and

be as willing to prevent it; especially when there was no Solicitation us'd to have it Acted. 'Tis known that Noble Person to whom it was referr'd, is a severe Critick on good Sense, Decency, and Morality; and I can assure the World, that the Rules of *Horace* are more familiar to him, than they are to me. He remembers too well that the *vetus Comædia* was banish'd from the *Athenian Theatre* for its too much Licence in representing Persons, and would never have pardon'd it in this or any Play.

What Opinion *Henry the Third* had of his Successor, is evident from the Words he spoke upon his *Death-Bed*. He exhorted the Nobility (says *Davila*) to acknowledge the King of Navarre, to whom the Kingdom of Right belong'd; and that they should not stick at the Difference of Religion: for both the King of Navarre, a Man of a sincere noble Nature, would in the End return into the Bosom of the Church, and the Pope being better inform'd, would receive him into his Favour to prevent the Ruin of the whole Kingdom. I hope I shall not need in this Quotation to defend my self, as if it were my Opinion, that the Pope has any Right to dispose of Kingdoms: my Meaning is evident, that the King's Judgment of his Brother-in-Law, was the same which I have copied: And I must farther add from *Davila*, that the Arguments I have used in Defence of that Succession, were chiefly drawn from the King's Answer to the Deputies, as they may be seen more at large in Pages 730, and 731. of the First Edition of that History in *English*: There the Three Estates, to the Wonder of all Men, jointly concurr'd in cutting off the Succession; the Clergy, who were manag'd by the Arch-Bishop of *Lyons* and Cardinal of *Guise*, were the first who promoted it; and the Commons and Nobility afterwards consented, as referring themselves (says our Author) to the Clergy; so that there was only the King to stand in the Gap; and he by Artifice diverted that Storm which was breaking upon Posterity.

The Crown was then reduced to the lowest Ebb of its Authority; and the King, in a manner, stood single, and yet preserv'd his *Negative entire*: But if the Clergy

and Nobility had been on his Part of the Balance, it might reasonably be suppos'd, that the meeting of those Estates at *Blois* had heal'd the Breaches of the Nation, and not forc'd him to the *Ratio ultima Regum*, which is never to be *prais'd*, nor is it here, but only *excus'd* as the last Result of his Necessity. As for the *Parallel* betwixt the King of *Navarre*, and any other Prince now living, what Likeness the God of Nature, and the Descent of Virtues in the same Chanrel have produced, is evident : I have only to say, that the Nation certainly is happy where the Royal Virtues of the Progenitors are deriv'd on their Descendants.

In that Scene, 'tis true, there is but *One* of the *Three Estates mention'd* ; but the *Other two* are virtually included ; for the *Arch-Bishop* and *Cardinal* are at the Head of the *Deputies* : And that the *rest* are *mute Persons*, every Critick understands the Reason, *ne quarta loqui persona laboret* ; I am never willing to cumber the Stage with many Speakers, when I can reasonably avoid it ; as here I might. And what if I had a Mind to pass over the Clergy and Nobility of *France* in Silence, and to excuse them from joyning in so *illegal* and so *ungodly* a Decree ? Am I ty'd in *Poetry*, to the strict Rules of *History* ? I have follow'd it in this Play more closely, than suited with the Laws of the *Drama*, and a great Victory they will have, who shall discover to the World this wonderful Secret, that I have not observ'd the *Unities of Place and Time* ; but are they better kept in the *Farce* of the *Libertine* destroy'd ? 'Twas our common Business here to draw the *Parallel* of the Times, and not to make an *Exact Tragedy* : For this once we were resolv'd to err with honest *Shakespeare* : Neither can *Catiline* or *Sejanus*, (written by the great Master of our Art) stand excus'd any more than we, from this Exception : But if we must be *criticis'd*, some Plays of our *Adversaries* may be expos'd, and let them reckon their Gains when the Dispute is ended. I am accus'd of *Ignorance*, for speaking of the *Third Estate*, as *not sitting in the same House with the other Two* : Let not those Gentlemen mistake themselves, there are many Things in *Plays* to be accommodated to the Country in which we live ; I

spoke to the Understanding of an *English Audience*; Our *Three Estates* now sit, and have long done so, in *Two Houses*; but our *Records* bear Witness, that they, according to the *French Custom*, have sate in One; that is, the *Lords Spiritual and Temporal within the Barr*, and the *Commons* without it. If that Custom had been still continued here, it should have been so represented; but being otherwise, I was forc'd to write so as to be understood by our own Countrymen. If these be Errors, a bigger Poet than either of us two has fallen into greater, and the Proofs are ready, whenever the Suit shall be re-commenc'd.

Mr. Hunt, the *Jehu* of the Party, begins very furiously with me, and says, I have already condemn'd the *Charter and City*, and have executed the *Magistrates* in *Effigie upon the Stage*, in a *Play call'd the Duke of Guise*, frequently acted, and applauded, &c.

Compare the latter End of this Sentence with what the *Two Authors of the Reflections*, or perhaps the *Associating Club* of the *Devil-Tavern* write in the Beginning of their Libel. *Never was Mountain deliver'd of such a Mouse: the fiercest Tories have been asham'd to defend this Piece: They who have any Sparks of Wit among them are so true to their Pleasure, that they will not suffer Dulness to pass upon them for Wit, nor Tedioussness for Diversion: Which is the Reason that this Piece has not met with the expected Applause: I never saw a Play more deficient in Wit, good Characters or Entertainment, than this is.*

For Shame, Gentlemen, pack your Evidence a little better against another Time: You see, My Lord Chief Baron has deliver'd his Opinion, That the *Play* was frequently Acted and applauded: but you of the *Jury* have found *Ignoramus*, on the *Wit* and the *Success* of it. *Oates, Dugdale and Turberwill*, never disagreed more than you do; let us know at last, which of the Witnesses are *True Protestants*, and which are *Irish*. But it seems your Authors had contrary Designs: Mr. Hunt thought fit to say, it was frequently Acted and applauded, because, says he, it was intended to provoke the *Rabble* into Tumults and Disorder. Now if it were not seen frequently, this Argu-

ment

ment would lose somewhat of its Force. The *Reflectors* Business went another Way, it was to be allow'd no Reputation, no Success, but to be damn'd Root and Branch, to prevent the Prejudice it might do their Party; accordingly, as much as in them lay, they have drawn a Bill of Exclusion for it on the Stage; but what *Rabble* was it to provoke? Are the Audience of a Play-House (which are generally Persons of Honour, Noblemen and Ladies, or at worst, as one of your Authors calls his Gallants, Men of Wit and Pleasure about the Town) are these the *Rabble* of Mr. Hunt? I have seen a *Rabble* at Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's Night, and have heard of such a Name, as *True Protestant Meeting-Houses*; but a *Rabble* is not to be provoked, where it never comes. Indeed, we had one in this Tragedy, but it was upon the Stage; and that's the Reason why your *Reflectors* would break the Glass, which has shewed them their own Faces. The Business of the Theatre, is to expose Vice and Folly; to dissuade Men by Examples from one, and to shame them out of the other. And however you may pervert our good Intentions, it was here particularly to reduce Men to Loyalty, by shewing the pernicious Consequences of Rebellion, and popular Insurrections. I believe no Man, who loves the Government, would be glad to see the *Rabble* in such a Posture, as they were represented in our Play: But if the Tragedy had ended on your Side, the Play had been a *Loyal Witty Poem*, the Success of it should have been recorded by Immortal Og or Doeg, and the *Rabble Scene* should have been *True Protestant*, though a *Whigg-Devil* were at the Head of it.

In the mean Time, pray, where lies the Relation betwixt the Tragedy of the Duke of Guise, and the Charter of London? Mr. Hunt has found a rare Connection, for he tacks them together, by the Kicking of the Sheriffs: That Chain of Thought was a little ominous, for something like a Kicking has succeeded the Printing of his Book; and the Charter of London was the Quarrel. For my Part I have not Law enough to state that Question; much less decide it; let the Charter shift for it self in Westminster-Hall, the Government is somewhat wiser, than

than to imploy my Ignorance on such a Subject ; my Promise to honest *Nat. Lee*, was the only Bribe I had, to ingage me in this Trouble ; for which he has the good Fortune to escape *Scot-free*, and I am left in Pawn for the Reckoning, who had the least Share in the Entertainment. But the Rising, it seems, should have been on the *True Protestant Side* ; for he has tryed, says Ingenious *Mr. Hunt*, *what he could do, towards making the Charter forfeitable, by some Extravagancy and Disorder of the People*. A wise Man I had been doubtless for my Pains, to raise the *Rabble* to a *Tumult*, where I had been certainly one of the first Men whom they had *limb'd*, or *dragg'd* to the next convenient *Sign-Post*.

But on second Thought, he says, this ought not to move the Citizens : He is much in the Right ; for the *Rabble Scene* was written on Purpose to keep his Party of them in the Bounds of *Duty*. 'Tis the Business of factious Men to stir up the Populace : Sir *Edmond on Horse-Back*, attended by a *Swinging Pope in Effigie*, and *Forty Thousand True Protestants* for his Guard to Execution, are a Show more proper for that Design, than a *Thousand Stage-Plays*.

Well, he has fortified his Opinion with a Reason, however, why the People should not be moved ; *because I have so maliciously and mischievously represented the King, and the King's Son ; nay, and his Favourite* (saith he) *the Duke too ; to whom I give the worst Strokes of my unlucky Fancy*.

This need not be answered, for 'tis already manifest, That neither the King, nor the King's Son are represented ; neither that Son he means, nor any of the rest, God bless them all. What Strokes of my unlucky Fancy I have given to His Royal Highness, will be seen, and it will be seen also, who strikes him worst and most unluckily.

The Duke of Guise, he tells us, *ought to have represented a great Prince, that had inter-v'd to some most detestable Villainy, to please the Rage or Lust of a Tyrant ; such great Courtiers have been often sacrificed, to appease the Furies of the Tyrant's guilty Conscience ; to expiate for his Sin, and to atone*

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the People. For a Tyrant stands naturally in Fear of such wicked Ministers, is obnoxious to them, aw'd by them, and they drag him to greater Evils, for their own Impunity, than they perpetrated for his Pleasure, and their own Ambition.

Sure, he said not all this for nothing ; I would know of him, on what Persons he would fix the Sting of this sharp Satyr ? *What two* they are, whom, to use his own Words, he *so maliciously and mischievously* would represent. For my Part, I dare not understand the Villainy of his Meaning ; but Somebody was to have been shown a Tyrant, and some other a great Prince, *inserving to some Detestable Villainy, and to that Tyrant's Rage and Lust* ; this great Prince or Courtier ought to be sacrificed, to atone the People, and the Tyrant is perswaded, for his own Interest, to give him up to *publick Justice*. I say no more, but that he has studied the Law to good Purpose. He is dancing on the Rope without a *Metaphor*, his Knowledge of the Law is the Staff that poizes him, and saves his Neck. The *Party* indeed speaks out sometimes, for Wickedness is not always so wise, as to be secret, especially when it is driven to Despair. By some of their Discourses, we may guess at whom he points ; but he has fenc'd himself in with so many Evasions, that he is safe in his Sacrilege ; and he who dares to answer him, may become obnoxious. 'Tis true, he breaks a little out of the Clouds, within two Paragraphs ; for there he tells you, that *Caius Cæsar (to give unto Cæsar, the Things that are Cæsar's) Was in the Catiline Conspiracy* ; a fine Insinuation this, to be sneer'd at by his Party, and yet not to be taken Hold of by *publick Justice* : They would be glad now, that I or any Man, should bolt out their Covert Treason for them : For their Loop-Hole is ready, that the *Cæsar* here spoken of, was a private Man. But the Application of the Text, declares the Author's to be *another Cæsar*, which is so black and so infamous an Aspersion, that nothing less than the highest Clemency can leave it unpunish'd. I could reflect on his Ignorance in this Place, for attributing these Words to *Cæsar, He that is*

not

not with us, is against us: He seems to have mistaken them out of the *New Testament*, and that's the best Defence I can make for him; for if he did it knowingly, 'twas impiously done, to put our *Saviour's Words* into *Cæsar's Mouth*. But *His Law* and *Our Gospel*, are two *Things*; this Gentleman's *Knowledge* is not of the *Bible*, any more than his *Practice* is according to it. He tells you, he will give the World a Taste of my *Atheism* and *Impiety*; for which he quotes these following Verses, in the Second or Third Act of the *Duke of Guise*.

*For Conscience or Heaven's Fear, religious Rules
Are all State Bells, to toll in pious Fools.*

In the first Place, he is mistaken in his *Man*, for the Verses are not *mine*, but *Mr. Lee's*: I ask'd him concerning them, and have this Account, that they were spoken by the *Devil*; now, what can either *Whig* or *Devil* say, more proper to their *Character*, than *Religion* is only a *Name*, a *Stalking-Horse*, as errant a *Property*, as *Godliness* and *Property* themselves are amongst their *Party*? Yet for these two Lines, which, in the Mouth that speaks them, are of no Offence, he hallooos on the whole Pack against me: *Judge*, *Justice*, *Surrogate*, and *Official* are to be employed, at his Suit, to direct *Process*; and boring through the *Tongue* for *Blasphemy*, is the least Punishment his *Charity* will allow me.

I find 'tis happy for me, that he was not made a *Judge*, and yet I had as lieve have him my *Judge* as my *Council*, if my *Life* were at Stake. My poor Lord *Stafford* was well help'd up with this Gentleman for his *Solicitor*; no Doubt, he gave that unfortunate Nobleman most admirable Advice towards the *saving* of his *Life*; and would have rejoyc'd exceedingly, to have seen him clear'd. I think, I have disprov'd his Instance of my *Atheism*, it remains for him to justify his *Religion*, in putting the Words of *Christ* into a *Heathen's Mouth*: And much more in his prophane Allusion to the *Scripture*, in the other Text; *Give unto Cæsar, the Things that are Cæsar's*; which, if it be not a Profanation of the *Bible*, for the Sake of a *silly Witticism*, let all Men, but his own *Party*, judge. I am not malicious enough

to return him the Names which he has call'd me ; but of all Sins, I thank God, I have always abhorr'd *Atheism* : And I had Need be a *better Christian* than Mr. Hunt has shewn himself, if I forgive him so infamous a *Slander*.

But as he has mistaken our *Saviour* for *Julius Cæsar*, so he would *Pompey* too, if he were let alone : To him, and to his *Cause*, or to the like Cause it belong'd, he says, to use these Words, *he that is not with us, is against us*. I find he cares not whose the Expression is, so it be not Christ's. But how comes *Pompey the Great* to be a *Whig* ? He was indeed, a Defender of the Antient Establish'd Roman Government, but *Cæsar* was the *Whig* who took up Arms unlawfully to subvert it. Our *Liberties* and our *Religion* both are safe, they are secur'd to us by the *Laws*, and those *Laws* are executed under an *Establish'd Government*, by a *Lawful King*. The *Defender* of our Faith, is the *Defender* of our *Common Freedom* ; to *Cabal*, to *Write*, to *Rail* against this Administration, are all *Endeavours* to destroy the *Government* ; and to oppose the *Succession*, in any private Man, is a *Treasonable Practice* against the *Foundation* of it. *Pompey* very honourably maintain'd the *Liberty* of his Country, which was govern'd by a *Common-Wealth* : So that there lies no *Parallel* betwixt his *Cause* and Mr. Hunt's, except in the bare Notion of a *Common-Wealth*, as it is oppos'd to *Monarchy* : And that's the Thing he would obliquely slur upon us. Yet on these Premises, he is for ordering my Lord Chief Justice to grant out *Warrants* against all those who have applauded the Duke of Guise ; as if they committed a *Riot* when they Clapp'd : I suppose they paid for their Places, as well as he and his Party did, who Hiss'd. If he were not half distracted, for not being Lord Chief Baron, methinks he should be Lawyer enough to advise my Lord Chief Justice better. To *Clap* and *Hiss* are the Privileges of a *Free-born Subject* in a *Play-House* : They buy them with their Money, and their Hands and Mouths are their own Property : It belongs to the *Master of the Revels*, to see that no *Treason* or *Immorality* be in the *Play* ; but when 'tis *Acted*, let every Man like or dislike freely : Not but that

that Respect should be us'd too, in the Presence of the King, for by His *Permission* the *Actors* are allow'd: 'Tis due to his *Person*, as he is *Sacred*, and to the Successors, as being next related to him: There are Opportunities enow for Men to His, who are so dispos'd, in their Absence: For when the King is in Sight, though but by Accident, a Malefactor is repriev'd from Death: Yet such is the Duty, and good Manners of these good Subjects, that they forbore not some Rudeness in his Majesty's Presence; but when his Royal Highness and his Court were only there, they push'd it as far as their Malice had Power: and if their Party had been more numerous, the Affront had been the greater.

The next Paragraph of our Authors, is a Panegyrick on the Duke of *Monmouth*, which concerns not me, who am very far from detracting from him: The Obligations I have had to him, were those of his Countenance, his Favour, his good Word, and his Esteem; all which I have likewise had in a greater Measure from his Excellent Dutchess, the Patroness of my poor unworthy Poetry. If I had not greater, the Fault was never in their Want of Goodness to me, but in my own Backwardness to ask, which has always, and I believe will ever, keep me from rising in the World. Let this be enough, with reasonable Men, to clear me from the Imputation of an ungrateful Man, with which my Enemies have most unjustly tax'd me. If I am a Mercenary Scribler, the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury best know: I am sure, they have found me no importunate Solicitor: For I know my self, I deserv'd little, and therefore have never desir'd much. I return that Slander with just Disdain on my Accusers; 'tis for Men who have ill Consciences to suspect others: I am resolv'd to stand or fall with the Cause of God, my King and Country; never to trouble my self for any railing Aspersions which I have not deserv'd, and to leave it as a Portion to my Children, that they had a Father, who durst do his Duty, and was neither covetous nor mercenary.

As little am I concern'd at that Imputation of my Back-Friends, that I have confess'd my self to be put on

to write as I do : If they mean this Play in particular, that is notoriously prov'd against them to be false : For the rest of my Writings, my Hatred of their Practices and Principles was Cause enough to expose them as I have done, and will do more. I do not think as they do ; for if I did, I must think *Treason* : But I must in Conscience write as I do, because I *know*, which is more than *Thinking*, that I write for a *Lawful Establish'd Government*, against *Anarchy*, *Innovation*, and *Sedition* : But *these Lyes* (as Prince *Harry* said to *Falstaffe*) *are as gross as he that made them*. More I need not say, for I am accus'd without Witnesses. I fear nor any of their *Evidences*, not even him of *Salamanca* ; who though he has disown'd his *Doctorship* in *Spain*, yet there are some allow him to have taken a certain *Degree* in *Italy* ; a Climate, they say, more proper for his *Masculine Constitution*. To conclude this ridiculous Accusation against me, I know but four Men in their whole Party to whom I have spoken for above this Year last past : and with them neither but casually and cursorily. We have been Acquaintance of a long Standing, many Years before this accursed Plot divided Men into several Parties : I dare call them to witness, whether the most I have at any Time said, will amount to more than this, that *I hop'd the Time would come when these Names of Whig and Tory would cease among us ; and that we might live together, as we had done formerly*. I have since this Pamphlet met accidentally with two of them ; and I am sure, they are so far from being my Accusers, that they have severally own'd to me, that all Men who espouse a Party, must expect to be blacken'd by the contrary Side : That themselves knew nothing of it, nor of the *Authors* of the *Reflections*. It remains therefore to be consider'd, whether, if I were as much a *Knave* as they would make me, I am *Fool* enough to be guilty of this Charge : And whether they who rais'd it, would have made it publick, if they had thought I was theirs inwardly. For 'tis plain they are glad of worse Scriblers than I am, and maintain them too, as I could prove, if I envy'd them their miserable Subsistence. I say no more, but
let

let my Actions speak for me: *Spectemur agendo*, that's the Tryal.

Much less am I concern'd at the noble Name of *Bayes*; that's a *Brat* so like his own *Father*, that he cannot be mistaken for any other Body: They might as reasonably have call'd *Tom Sternhold*, *Virgil*, and the Resemblance would have held as well.

As for *Knave*, and *Sycophant*, and *Rascal*, and *Impudent*, and *Devil*, and *Old Serpent*, and a thousand such Good-morrows, I take them to be only Names of Parties: And cou'd return *Murthrerer*, and *Cheat*, and *Whig-Napper*, and *Sodomite*; and in short, the goodly Number of the *seven deadly Sins*, with all their Kindred and Relations, which are Names of *Parties* too; but *Saints* will be *Saints* in Spight of Villainy. I believe they wou'd pass themselves upon us for such a *Compound* as *Mithridate*, or *Venice-Treacle*; as if Whiggism were an admirable *Cordial* in the *Mast*, though the several *Ingredients* are rank *Poisons*.

But if I think either *Mr. Hunt* a *Villain*, or know any of my *Reflectors* to be *ungrateful Rogues*, I do not owe them so much Kindness as to call them so; for I am satisfied that to prove them either, would but recommend them to their own Party. Yet if some will needs make a *Merit* of their *Infamy*, and provoke a *Legend* of their *sordid Lives*, I think they must be gratify'd at last; and though I will not take the *Scavenger's* Employment from him, yet I may be perswaded to point at some *Mens Doors*, who have *Heaps of Filth* before them. But this must be when they have a little anger'd me; for hitherto I am provok'd no further than to smile at them. And indeed, to look upon the whole Faction in a Lump, never was a more pleasant Sight than to behold these Builders of a New *Babel*, how ridiculous they are mix'd, and what a rare Confusion there is amongst them. One Part of them is carrying Stone and Mortar for the building of a *Meeting-House*; another Sort understand not that Language; they are for snatching away their Work-fellows Materials to set up a *Barwy-House*: Some of them *blaspheme*,
and

and others pray; and both I believe with equal Godliness at Bottom: Some of them are *Atheists*, some *Sectaries*, yet *ALL True Protestants*. Most of them love all *Whores*, but her of *Babylon*. In few Words, any Man may be what he will, so he be one of *Them*. 'Tis enough to despise the *King*, to hate the *Duke*, and rail at the *Succession*: After this 'tis no Matter how a Man lives; he is a *Saint* by *Infection*; he goes along with the *Party*, has their *Mark* upon him; his *Wickedness* is no more than *Frailty*: their *Righteousness* is imputed to him: So that as ignorant *Rogues* go out *Doctors* when a *Prince* comes to an *University*, they hope at the last *Day*, to take their *Degree* in a Crowd of *True Protestants*, and thrust unheeded into Heaven.

'Tis a Credit to be rail'd at by such Men as these. The *Charter-man* in the very *Title-page*, where he hangs out the *Cloth* of the *City* before his *Book*, gives it for his *Motto*, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; as if he shou'd have said, *You have a Mind to be cozen'd, and the Devil give you Good on't*: If I cry a *Sir-Reverence*, and you take it for *Honey*, make the best of your *Bargain*. For Shame, good *Christians*, can you suffer such a Man to *flourish*, when you see his *Design* is upon your *Purses*? He is contented to expose the *Ears Representative* of your *Party* on the *Pillory*, and is in a Way of doing you more Service than a worn-out *Witness*, who can hang Nobody hereafter but himself. He tells you the *Papists* clap their *Hands* in the *Hopes* they conceive of the *Ruin* of your *Government*: Does not this single Syllable *YOUR* deserve a *Pension*, if he can prove the *Government* to be *Yours*, and that the *King* has nothing to do in your *Republick*? He continues, as if what were as sure and certain to *Them*, as it is to *Us*, without Doubt, that they (the *Papists*) once fire on the *City*, just as certain in your own *Conscience*. I wish the *Papists* had no more to answer for, than that *Accusation*: Pray let it be put to the *Vote*, and resolv'd upon the *Question*, by your whole *Party*, that the *North-East Wind* is not only ill-affected to Man and Beast, but is also a *Tory* or *Tantivy Papist* in *Masquerade*. I am satisfy'd, not to have
so.

so much Art left me, as to frame any thing agreeable, or verisimilar, but 'tis plain that he has, and therefore, as I ought in Justice, I resign my Lawrel, and my Bays too, to Mr. Hunt; 'tis he sets up for the Poet now; and has the only Art to amuse and to deceive the People. You may see how profound his Knowledge is in Poetry; for he tells you just before, that my Heroes are commonly such Monsters as Theseus and Hercules; renown'd throughout all Ages for destroying. Now Theseus and Hercules you know, have been the Heroes of all Poets, and have been renown'd through all Ages, for destroying Monsters, for succouring the Distressed, and for putting to Death inhumane arbitrary Tyrants. Is this your Oracle? If he were to write the Acts and Monuments of Whig Heroes, I find they should be quite contrary to mine: Destroyers indeed, but of a Lawful Government; Murderers, but of their Fellow-Subjects; Lovers, as Hercules was of Hylas; with a Journey at last to Hell, like that of Theseus.

But mark the wise Consequences of our Author. I have not, says he, *so much Art left me to make any thing agreeable, or verisimilar, wherewith to amuse or deceive the People: And yet in the very next Paragraph, my Province is to corrupt the Manners of the Nation, and lay waste their Morals, and my Endeavours are more happily apply'd, to extinguish the little Remainder of the Virtue of the Age. Now I am to perform all this it seems, without making any Thing verisimilar or agreeable: Why, Pharaoh never set the Israelites such a Task, to build Pyramids without Brick or Straw. If the Fool knows it not, Verisimilitude and Agreeableness, are the very Tools to do it; but I am willing to disclaim them both, rather than to use them to so ill Purpose as he has done.*

Yet even this the great Writer knows no more of Style and English than the Northern Dedicator. As if Dulness and Clumsiness were fatal to the Name of TOM. 'Tis true, he is a Fool in three Languages more than the Poet, for they say, he understands Latin, Greek and Hebrew, from all which, to my certain Knowledge, I acquit the other. Og may write against the King, if he pleases, so long as he drinks for him, and his Writings will

never

never do the Government so much *Harm*, as his *Drinking* does it *Good*: For true Subjects will not be much perverted by his *Libels*; but the *Wine-Duties* rise considerably by his *Claret*. He has often call'd me an *Atheist* in Print; I would believe more charitably of him; and that he only goes the *broad Way*, because the other is too *narrow* for him. He may see by this, I do not delight to meddle with his Course of *Life*, and his *Immoralities*, though I have a long *Bead-Roll* of them. I have hitherto contented my self with the *Ridiculous* Part of him, which is enough in all Conscience to employ one Man: Even without the Story of his late Fall at the *Old* evil, where he *broke no Ribs*, because the Hardness of the *Stairs* could reach *no Bones*; and for my Part, I do not wonder how he came to *fall*, for I have always known him heavy; the Miracle is, how he got *up again*. I have heard of a *Sea-Captain* as *fat* as he, who to 'scape Arrests, would lay himself flat upon the Ground, and let the *Bailiffs* carry him to *Prison*, if they cou'd. If a Messenger or two, nay, we may put in three or four, should come, he has friendly Advertisement how to 'scape them. But to leave him, who is not worth any further Consideration, now I have done laughing at him, Wou'd every Man knew his own Talent, and that they who are only born for *drinking*, wou'd let both *Poetry* and *Prose* alone.

I am weary with tracing the Absurdities and Mistakes of our great Lawyer, some of which indeed are *wilful*; as where he calls the *Trimmers*, the *more moderate Sort of Tories*. It seems those Politicians are odious to both Sides; for neither own them to be theirs. We know them, and so does he too in his Conscience, to he *secret Whigs*, if they are any Thing. But now the Designs of *Whiggism* are openly discover'd, they tack about to save a Stake, that is, they will not be Villains to their own Ruin. While the Government was to be destroyed, and there was Probability of compassing it, no Men were so violent as they; but since their *Fortunes* are in Hazard by the *Law*, and their *Places at Court* by the *King's Displeasure*, they pull in their Horns, and talk more peaceably; in Order, I suppose, to their Vehemence on the right Side, if they were to be believ'd. For in laying of Colours,

hours, they observe a *Medium* ; Black and White are too far distant to be plac'd directly by one another, without some Shadowings to soften their Contrarieties. 'Tis *Mariana* I think (but am not certain) that makes the following Relation ; and let the noble Family of *Trimmers* read their own Fortune in it. *Don Pedro, King of Castile, Sirnam'd the Cruel, who had been restor'd by the Valour of our Edward the Black Prince, was finally dispossest'd by Don Henry the Bastard, and he enjoyed the Kingdom quietly, 'till his Death ; which, when he felt approaching, he call'd his Son to him, and gave him his last Counsel. I have, said he, gain'd this Kinghom, which I leave you, by the Sword ; for the Right of Inheritance was in Don Pedro ; but the Favour of the People, who hated my Brother for his Tyranny, was to me instead of Title. You are now to be the peaceable Possessor of what I have unjustly gotten : and your Subjects are compos'd of these three Sorts of Men. One Party espous'd my Brother's Quarrel, which was the undoubted Lawful Cause ; those, though they were my Enemies, were Men of Principle and Honour : Cherish them, and exalt them into Places of Trust about you, for in them you may confide safely, who priz'd their Fidelity above their Fortune. Another Sort, are they who fought my Cause against Don Pedro ; to those you are indeed oblig'd, because of the accidental Good they did me, for they intended only their private Benefit, and help'd to raise me, that I might afterwards promote them : You may continue them in their Offices, if you please ; but trust them no farther than you are forc'd ; for what they did, was against their Conscience. But there is a third Sort, which during the whole Wars, were Neuters ; let them be crush'd on all Occasions, for their Business was only their own Security. They had neither Courage enough to engage on my Side, nor Conscience enough to help their Lawful Sovereign : Therefore let them be made Examples, as the worst Sort of interested Men, which certainly are Enemies to both, and would be profitable to neither.*

I have only a dark Remembrance of this Story, and have not the *Spanish* Author by me, but I think, I am not much mistaken, in the Main of it : And whether

true

true or false, the Counsel given, I am sure, is such, as ought, in common Prudence, to be practis'd against *Trimmers*, whether the *Lawful* or *Unlawful* Cause prevail. *Loyal Men* may justly be displeas'd with this *Party*, not for their *Moderation*, at Mr. *Hunt* insinuates; but because under the Mask of *seeming Mildness*, there lies hidden, either a deep *Treachery*, or at best, an *interested Lukewarmness*. But he runs Riot into almost *Treasonable Expressions*, as if *Trimmers* were hated because they are not perfectly wicked; or perfectly deceiv'd, of the *Catiline Make*, bold, and without *Understanding*, that can adhere to Men that publickly profess *Murthers*, and applaud the *Design*: By all which villainous Names, he opprobriously calls His Majesty's most *loyal Subjects*; as if Men must be perfectly wicked who endeavour to support a *lawful Government*; or perfectly deceiv'd, who on no Occasion are take up Arms against their *Sovereign*: As if acknowledging the *Right of Succession*, and resolving to maintain it in the *Line*, were to be in a *Catiline Conspiracy*; and at last, (which is ridiculous enough, after so much serious *Treason*) as if to clap the *Duke of Guise*, were to adhere to Men that publickly profess *Murthers*, and applaud the *Design of the Assassinating Poets*.

But together with his *Villainies*, pray let his *Inconveniences* be observ'd. He commends the *Trimmers*, (at least tacitly excuses them) for Men of some *Moderation*; and is in *Opposition* to the Instruments of *Wickedness* of the *Catiline Make*, that are *resolute* and *forward*, and without *Consideration*. But he forgets all this in the next twenty Lines; for there he gives them their own, and calls them roundly, in *internecino bello medii pro hostibus abentur*. Neutral Men are *Traitors*, and assist by their *Indifferency* to the *Destruction* of the *Government*. The *main English* of his *Meaning* is this; while Matters are only in *Dispute*, and in *Machination*, he is contented they should be *moderate*; but when once the *Faction* bring about a *Civil War*, then they are *Traytors*, they declare not openly for them.

But it is not, says he, the *Duke of Guise*, who is to be *assassinated*, a *turbulent*, *wicked*, and *haughty Courtier*, but

an innocent and gentle Prince : By his Favour, our Duke of Guise, was neither *Innocent* nor *Gentle*, nor a Prince of the *Blood Royal*, though he pretended to descend from *Charlemaign*, and a *Genealogy* was Printed to that Purpose, for which the Author was punish'd, as he deserv'd ; witness *Davila*, and the *Journals of Henry the Third*, where the Story is at large related. Well, who is it then ? why, 'tis a *Prince who has no Fault, but that he is the King's Son* : Then he has no Fault by Consequencce ; for I am certain, that's no Fault of his. The rest of the Compliment is so silly, and so fulsome, as if he meant it all in *Ridicule*. And to conclude the Jest, he says, That *the best People of England, have no other Way left, to show their Loyalty to the King, their Religion and Government, in long Intervals of Parliament, than by prosecuting his Son, for the Sake of the King, and his own Merit, with all the Demonstrations of the highest Esteem*. Yes, I can tell them one other Way to express their Loyalty, which is to *obey the King, and respect his Brother, as the next Lawful Successor* ; their *Religion* commands them both, and the *Government* is secured in so doing. But why in *Intervals of Parliament* ? How are they more oblig'd to honour the *King's Son* out of Parliament, than in it ? And why this Prosecution of Love for the *King's Sake* ? Has he order'd more Love to be shown to one Son, than to another ? Indeed, his own Quality is Cause sufficient for all Men to respect him, and I am of their Number, who truly honour him, and who wish him better than this miserable *Sycophant* ; for I wish him, from his Father's Royal Kindness, what Justice can make him, which is a greater Honour, than the Rabble can confer upon him.

But our Author finds, that *Commendation* is no more his Talent, than *Flattery* was that of *Æsop's Ass* ; and therefore falls immediately, from pawing with his Fore-Feet, and grinning upon one Prince, to downright braying against another.

He says, I have not us'd my Patron Duke much better : For I have put him under a most dismal and unfortunate Character of a Successor, excluded from the Crown by Act of State, for his Religion ; who fought his way to the Crown,

chang'd

chang'd his Religion, and died by the Hand of a Roman Assassin.

If it please His Royal Highness to be my Patron, I have Reason to be proud of it; because he never yet forsook any Man, whom he has had the Goodness to own for his. But how have I put him under an *unfortunate Character*? The *Authors* of the *Reflections*, and our *John a Nokes*, have not laid their Noddles together about this Accusation. For 'tis their Business to prove, the King of Navarre to have been a most *successful, magnanimous, gentle, and grateful Prince*: In which Character they have follow'd the Stream of all *Historians*. How then happens this jarring amongst Friends, that the same Man is put under such *dismal Circumstances* on one Side, and so *fortunate* on the other, by the Writers of the same Party? The Answer is very plain, that they take the Cause by several Handles. They who will not have the Duke resemble the King of Navarre, have *magnify'd* the Character of that Prince, to *debase* His Royal Highness; and therein done what they can to show the *Disparity*. Mr. Hunt, who will have it to be the *Duke's Character*, has *blacken'd* that King as much as he is able, to show the Likeness. Now this would be ridiculous Pleading at a Barr, by Lawyers retain'd for the same Cause; and both Sides wou'd call each other Fools, because the Jury betwixt them would be *confounded*, and perhaps the Judges too.

But this it is to have a bad Cause, which puts Men of Necessity upon Knavery; and that Knavery is commonly found out. Well, Mr. Hunt has in another Place confess'd himself to be in *Passion*, and that's the Reason he is so grossly mistaken in opening of the Cause. For first the King of Navarre was neither under *dismal*, nor *unfortunate Circumstances*. Before the end of that very Sentence, our Lawyer has confess'd, that *he fought his Way to the Crown*; that is, he gloriously vanquish'd all his Rebels, and happily possess'd his Inheritance many Years after he had regain'd it. In the next Place, he was *never excluded from the Crown by Act of State*. He chang'd his Religion indeed, but not 'till he had almost *weather'd* the storm, recover'd the best Part of his *Estate*, and gain'd

some glorious *Victories* in *pitch'd Battles*; so that his *changing* cannot without Injustice be attributed to his *Fear*. Monsieur *Chiaverny*, in his *Memoirs* of those *Times*, plainly tells us, that he solemnly promis'd to his *Predecessor* Henry the Third then dying, that he wou'd become a *Romanist*; and *Dawila*, though he says not this directly, yet denies it not. By whose Hands Henry the Fourth died, is notoriously known; but it is invidiously urg'd, both by Mr. *Hunt* and the *Reflectors*: For we may, to our Shame remember, that a King of our own Country was barbarously murder'd by his *Subjects*, who profess'd the same *Religion*; though I believe, that neither *Jacques Clement*, nor *Ravillac*, were better *Papists*, than the *Independants* and *Presbyterians* were *Protestants*: So that their *Argument* only proves, that there are *Rogues* of all *Religions*. *Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra*. But Mr. *Hunt* follows his Blow again, that I have offer'd a *Justification* of an *Act of Exclusion* against a *Popish Successor* in a *Protestant Kingdom*, by remembering what was done against the King of Navarre, who was de facto excluded by an *Act of State*. My Gentleman, I perceive, is very willing to call that an *Act of Exclusion*, and an *Act of State* which is only, in our Language, call'd a *Bill*: For Henry the Third cou'd never be gain'd to pass it, though it was propos'd by the *Three Estates* at *Blois*. The *Reflectors* are more modest; for they profess, (though I am afraid it is somewhat against the Grain) that a *Vote* of the House of *Commons* is not an *Act*: But the Times turn'd upon them, and they dare speak no other Language. Mr. *Hunt* indeed is a bold *Republican*, and tells you the Bottom of their Meaning. Yet why should he make the *Courage* of His Royal Highness quail, to put himself under this Representation? Which by our Author's Favour, is neither *dismal*, nor *disastrous*. Henry the Fourth escap'd this dreadful Machine of the *League*: say dreadful; for the *Three Estates* were at that Time compos'd generally of *Guisards*, *factionous*, *hot-headed*, *bellious* interested Men: The King in Possession was his Brother-in-Law; and at that Time publickly his enemy; for the King of Navarre was then in Arms against him: And yet the Sense of Common Justice, and the

Good of his *People* so prevail'd, that he withstood the Project of the *States*, which he also knew was levell'd at *Himself*; for had the Exclusion proceeded, he had been immediately lay'd by, and the Lieutenantancy of France conferr'd on *Guise*: After which the Rebel wou'd certainly have put up his Title for the Crown. In the Case of His *Royal Highness*, only one of the *Three Estates* have offer'd at the *Exclusion*, and have been constantly oppos'd by the *other two*, and by His *Majesty*: Neither is it any way probable, that the like will ever be again attempted: For the *Fatal Consequences*, as well as the *Illegality* of that Design, are seen through already by the *People*. So that instead of offering a *Justification* of an Act of *Exclusion*, I have expos'd a *rebellious, impious, and fruitless* Contrivance tending to it. If we look in the Parliament of *Paris*, when they were in their right Wits, before they were intoxicated by the *League*, (at least wholly) we shall find them addressing to King *Henry the Third* in another Key, concerning the King of *Navarre's Succession*, though he was at that Time (as they call'd it) a *relaps'd Heretick*. And to this Purpose will quote a Passage out of the *Journals of Henry the Third*, so much magnify'd by my Adversaries.

Towards the End of *September, 1585*, there was published at *Paris*, a Bull of *Excommunication*, against the King of *Navarre*, and the Prince of *Condé*: The Parliament of *Paris* made their *Remonstrance* to the King on it, which was both grave, and worthy of the place they held, and the Authority they have in this Kingdom: Saying for Conclusion, that *their Court had* and the Style of this Bull so full of *Innovation*, and so distant from the *Modesty* of Ancient Popes, that they cou'd not understand in it the *Voice* of an *Apostle's Successor*; as much, as they found not in their Records, nor in the Arch of all *Antiquity*, that the *Princes of France* had ever been subject to the *Justice* or *Jurisdiction* of the *Pope*, and they cou'd not take it into Consideration, till he made appear the *Right* which he pretended in the Translation of *Kingdoms*, establish'd and ordain'd by *Almighty God*, before the Name of *Pope* was heard of in the *World*. 'Tis plain by this, that the Parliament of

Paris acknowledg'd an inherent Right of Succession in the King of *Navarre*, though of a contrary Religion to their own: And though after the Duke of *Guise's* Murder at *Blois*, the City of *Paris* revolted from their Obedience to their King, pretending, that he was fallen from the Crown, by Reason of that and other Actions, with which they charg'd him; yet the Sum of all their Power to renounce him, and create the Duke of *Mayenne* Lieutenant General, depended ultimately on the Pope's Authority; which, as you see, but three Years before, they had peremptorily denied.

The College of *Sorbonne* began the Dance, by their Determination, that the *Kingly Right* was forfeited; and stripping him of all his Dignities, they call'd him plain *Henry de Valois*; After this, says my Author, sixteen Rascals (by which he means the Council of that Number) having administred the Oath of Government to the Duke of *Mayenne*, to take in Quality of Lieutenant-General of the Estate and Crown of France; the same ridiculous Dignity was confirm'd to him, by an imaginary Parliament, the true Parliament being detain'd Prisoners, in divers of the City Goals, and two new Seals were order'd to be immediately made, with this Inscription: The Seal of the Kingdom of France. I need not enlarge on this Relation, 'tis evident from hence, that the *Sorbonnists* were the Original, and our *Schismatics* in England were the Copiers of Rebellion; that *Paris* began, and *London* follow'd.

The next Lines of my Author are, that a Gentleman of *Paris* made the Duke of *Mayenne's* Picture to be drawn, with a Crown Imperial on his Head; and I have heard of an English Nobleman, who has at this Day the Picture of Old *Oliver*, with this Motto underneath it, *Utinam vixeris*. All this while, this cannot be reckon'd an Act of State, for the Deposing King *Henry the Third*; because it was an Act of *Ouvert Rebellion* in the *Parisians*: Neither could the holding of the Three Estates at *Paris*, afterwards, by the same Duke of *Mayenne*, devolve any Right on him, in Prejudice of King *Henry the Fourth*; though those pretended States declar'd his Title void, on the Account of his Religion: Because those Estates could
neither

neither be call'd nor holden, but by, and under the *Authority* of the *Lawful King*. It wou'd take more Time than I have allow'd, for this Vindication, or I cou'd easily trace from the *French History*, what Misfortunes attend-
ed *France*, and how near it was to Ruin, by the En-
deavours to alter the Succession. For first, it was actu-
ally *dismembred*, the Duke of *Merceur* setting up a Prin-
cipality in the Dutchy of *Bretagne*, *Independant* of the
Crown: The Duke of *Mayenne* had an evident Design
to be elected *King*, by the Favour of the *People* and the
Pope: The young Dukes of *Guise* and of *Nemours* as-
pir'd, with the Interest of the *Spaniards*, to be chosen,
by their Marriage with the *Infanta Isabella*. The Duke
of *Lorraine* was for cantling out some Part of *France*,
which lay next his Territories; and the Duke of *Savoy*
had, before the Death of *Henry the Third*, actually pos-
sess'd himself of the *Marquisate* of *Saluces*. But above
all, the *Spaniards* fomented these Civil Wars, in Hopes
to reduce that flourishing Kingdom under their own Mo-
narchy. To as many, and as great Mischiefs, should we
be evidently subject; if we should madly ingage our
selves in the like Practices of altering the *Succession*,
which our Gracious King in his Royal Wisdom well
fore-saw; and has cut up that accursed Project by the
Roots; which will render the Memory of his *Justice*
and *Prudence*, *Immortal* and *Sacred* to future Ages, for
having not only preserv'd our present Quiet, but secur'd
the Peace of our Posterity.

'Tis clearly manifest, that no Act of State pass'd, to
the Exclusion of either the King of *Navarre*, or of *Henry*
the Fourth; consider him, in either of the two Circum-
stances: but *Oracle Hunt*, taking this for granted,
wou'd prove *à fortiori*, that if a Protestant Prince were
actually excluded from a Popish Kingdom, then a Popish
Successor is more reasonably to be excluded from a Pro-
testant Kingdom; because, says he, a Protestant Prince is
under no Obligation to destroy his Popish Subjects, but a
Popish Prince is to destroy his Protestant Subjects: Upon
which bare Supposition, without farther Proof, he calls
him insufferable Tyrant, and the worst of Monsters.

Now I take the Matter quite otherwise, and bind my self to maintain that there is not, nor can be any Obligation, for a King to destroy his Subjects of a contrary Persuasion to the establish'd Religion of his Country: For *quatenus Subjects*, of what Religion soever, *he is infallibly bound* to preserve and cherish, and not to destroy them: And this is the first Duty of a Lawful Sovereign, as such, antecedent to any Tye or Consideration of his Religion. Indeed, in those Countries where the *Inquisition* is introduc'd, it goes harder with *Protestants*, and the Reason is manifest, because the Protestant Religion has not gotten Footing there, and Severity is the Means to keep it out: But to make this Instance reach *England*, our Religion must not only be chang'd (which in itself, is almost impossible to imagine) but the Council of *Trent receiv'd*, and the *Inquisition admitted*, which many *Popish* Countries have rejected. I forget not the Cruelties, which were exercis'd in Queen *Mary's* Time, against the *Protestants*; neither do I any way excuse them: But it follows not, that every *Popish Successor* shou'd take Example by them, for every one's Conscience of the same Religion, is not guided by the same Dictates in his Government: Neither does it follow, that if one be cruel, another must; especially, when there is a stronger Obligation, and greater Interest to the contrary: For if a *Popish King* in *England* shou'd be bound to destroy his *Protestant People*, I wou'd ask the Question, over whom he meant to reign afterwards? And how many Subjects would be left?

In Queen *Mary's* Time, the Protestant Religion had scarcely taken Root: And it is reasonable to be suppos'd, that she found the Number of Papists, equalling that of the Protestants, at her Entrance to the Kingdom; especially if we reckon into the Account those who were the *Trimmers* of the Times; I mean such, who privately were Papists, though under her Protestant Predecessor they appear'd otherwise. Therefore her Difficulties in persecuting her Reform'd Subjects, were far from being so insuperable, as ours now are, when the Strength and Number of the Papists is so very inconsiderable. They who

cast

cast in the Church of England as ready to embrace *Popery*, are either *Knaves* enough to know they *lye*, or *Fools* enough not to have consider'd the *Tenets* of that Church, which are *diametrically opposite* to *Popery*; and more so than any of the *Seets*.

Not to insist on the Quiet and Security, which Protestant Subjects at this Day enjoy in some Parts of *Germany*, under Popish Princes; where I have been assur'd, that *Mass* is said, and a *Lutheran Sermon* preach'd in different Parts of the same Church, on the same Day, without Disturbance on either Side; nor on the Privileges granted by *Henry the Fourth* of France to his Party, after he had forsaken their Opinions, which they quietly possess'd for a long Time after his Death.

The *French Histories* are full of *Examples*, manifestly proving, that the fiercest of their *Popish Princes* have not thought themselves bound to destroy their *Protestant Subjects*: And the several *Edicts* granted under them, in Favour of the *Reform'd Religion*, are pregnant Instances of this Truth. I am not much given to Quotations, but *Davila* lies open for every Man to read. *Tolerations*, and *free Exercise of Religion*, granted more *amply* in some, more *restrainedly* in others, are no Sign that those Princes held themselves oblig'd in *Conscience* to destroy Men of a different Persuasion. It will be said those *Tolerations* were gain'd by Force of *Arms*: In the first Place, 'tis no great Credit to the Protestant Religion, that the Protestants in France were actually *Rebels*. But the Truth is, they were only *Geneva Protestants*, and their Opinions were far distant from those of the Church of *England*, which teaches *passive Obedience* to all her Sons, and not to propagate *Religion* by *Rebellion*. But 'tis further to be consider'd, that those *French Kings*, though *Papists*, thought the Preservation of their Subjects, and the publick Peace, were to be consider'd, before the Gratification of the Court of *Rome*; and though the Number of the *Papists* exceeded that of the Protestants, in the Proportion of three to one; though the Protestants were always beaten when they fought, and though the Popes press'd continually with Exhortations and Threatnings to extirpate *Calvinism*,

nism, yet Kings thought it enough to continue in their own Religion themselves. without forcing it upon their Subjects, much less destroying them who profess'd another. But it will be objected, those Edicts of Toleration were not kept on the Papists Side: They wou'd answer, because the Protestants stretch'd their Privileges further than was granted: And that they often relaps'd into Rebellion: But whether or no the Protestants were in Fault, I leave History to determine. 'Tis Matter of Fact, that they were barbarously massacred, under the Protection of the publick Faith: Therefore to argue fairly, either an Oath from Protestants is not to be taken by a Popish Prince; or if taken, ought inviolably to be preserv'd. For when we oblige our selves to any one, 'tis not his Person we so much consider, as that of the most high God, who is call'd to witness this our Action: And 'tis to him we are to discharge our Conscience. Neither is there, or can be any Tie on human Society, when that of an Oath is no more regarded: Which being an Appeal to God, he is immediate Judge of it; and Chronicles are not silent how often he has punish'd perjur'd Kings. The Instance of *Vladislaus* King of Hungary, breaking his Faith with *Amurath* the Turk, at the Instigation of *Julian* the Pope's Legate, and his miserable Death ensuing it, shews that even to *Infidels*, much more to *Christians*, that Obligation ought to be accounted sacred. And I the rather urge this, because it is an Argument taken almost *verbatim* from a Papist, who accuses *Catharine de Medicis* for violating her Word given to the Protestants during her Regency of France. What Securities in particular we have, that our own Religion and Liberties wou'd be preserv'd, though under a Popish Successor, any one may inform himself at large in a Book lately written by the Reverend and Learned Doctor *Hicks*, call'd *Jovian*, in Answer to *Julian the Apostate*: In which, that truly Christian Author has satisfy'd all Scruples which reasonable Men can make, and prov'd, that we are in no Danger of losing either; and wherein also, if those Assurances shou'd all fail (which is almost morally impossible) the Doctrine of passive Obedience is unanswerably demonstrated: A Doc-

trine

trine deliver'd with so much Sincerity, and Resignation of Spirit, that it seems evident the Assertor of it is ready, if there were Occasion, to seal it with his Blood.

I have done with mannerly Mr. *Hunt*, who is only *magni nominis umbra*; the most malicious, and withal, the most incoherent ignorant Scribler of the whole Party. I insult not over his Misfortunes, though he has himself occasion'd them: And though I will not take his own Excuse, that he is in Passion, I will make a better for him; for I conclude him crack'd: And if he should return to *England*, am charitable enough to wish his only Prison might be *Bedlam*. This Apology is truer than that he makes for me: For writing a Play, as I conceive, is not entering into the *Observer's Province*; neither is it the *Observer's Manner* to confound Truth with Falshood, to put out the Eyes of People, and leave them without Understanding. The Quarrel of the Party to him is, that he has undeceiv'd the Ignorant, and laid open the shameful Contrivances of the new vamp'd Association: That though he is on the wrong Side of Life, as he calls it, yet he pleads not his Age to be *emeritus*: That in short, he has left the Faction as bare of Arguments, as *Æsop's Bird of Feathers*; and plum'd them of all those Fallacies and Evasions which they borrowed from *Jesuits* and *Presbyterians*.

Now for my *Templar* and *Poet* in Association for a Libel, like the Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Jupiter* in a fiery Sign: What the one wants in Wit, the other must supply in Law. As for Malice, their Quota's are indifferently well adjusted: The rough Draught, I take for granted, is the *Poet's*, the Finisings the *Lawyer's*. They begin, that in Order to one Mr. *Friend's* Commands, one of them went to see the Play. This was not the *Poet*, I am certain, for No-body saw him there, and he is not of a Size to be conceal'd. But the *Mountain*, they say, was deliver'd of a Mouse; I have been Gossip to many such Labours of a dull fat Scribler, where the *Mountain* has been bigger, and the *Mouse* less. The next Salley is on the *City-Elections*, and a Charge is brought against my *Lord Mayor*, and the two *Sheriffs*, for excluding true *Electors*. I have heard, that a *Whig-Gentleman* of the *Temple* hired a *Livery-Gown*, to

give his Voice among the *Companies* at *Guild-Hall*: Let the Question be put, *Whether or no, he were a true Elector?* Then their own *Furies* are commended from several *Topicks*; they are the *Wiseſt*, *Richeſt*, and moſt *Conſcientious*: To which is answer'd *Ignoramus*. But our *Furies* give moſt *prodigious* and *unheard-of Damages*. Hitherto there is nothing but *Boys-play* in our Authors: *My Mill grinds Pepper and Spice, your Mill grinds Rats and Mice*. They go on, *if I may be allow'd to judge*, (as Men that do not *poetize*, may be Judges of Wit, *humane Nature* and *common Decencies* :) So then the Sentence is begun with *I*: There is but one of them puts in for a Judge's Place: *That's he in the Grey*: But preſently 'tis Men; *two more in Buckram*, wou'd be Judges too. Neither of them it ſeems, *Poetize*; that's true, but both of them are in at *Rhime Doggrel*; witneſs the Song againſt the *Biſhops*, and the *Tunbridge-Ballad*. By the Way, I find all my ſcribbling Enemies have a mind to be *Judges*, and *Chief Barons*: Proceed Gentlemen. *This Play* (as I am inform'd by ſome, who have a nearer Communication with the Poets and the Players, than I have.) Which of the two *Soſſas* is it that now ſpeaks? If the *Lawyer*, 'tis true, he has but little Communication with the Players: If the *Poet*, the Players have but little Communication with him. For 'tis not long ago, he ſaid to Some-body, *By G—— my Lord, thoſe Tory-Rogues will act none of my Plays*. Well, but the Accuſation, that this Play was once written by another, and then 'twas called the *Pariſſian Maſſacre*: Such a Play, I have heard indeed was written; but I never ſaw it. Whether this be any of it or no, I can ſay no more, than for my own Part of it. But pray, who denies the unparallel'd Villainy of the *Papiſts* in that bloody *Maſſacre*? I have enquired why it was not Acted, and heard it was ſtopt, by the Interpoſition of an *Ambaſſador*, who was willing to ſave the Credit of his Country, and not to have the Memory of an Action ſo barbarous, reviv'd. But that I tempted my Friend to alter it, is a notorious *Whiſgiſm*, to ſave the broader Word. The *Sicilian Vespers* I have had plotted by me above theſe ſeven Years: The Story of it, I found under borrow'd Names in *Giraldus Cinthio*; But the Rape in my Tragedy of *Amboyna* was

so like it, that I forbore the writing. But what had this to do with Protestants? For the *Massacrers* and the *Massacred* were all Papists.

But 'tis observable, they say, that though the *Massacre* cou'd not be Acted, as it was first Written against Papists, yet when it was turn'd upon Protestants, it found Reception.

Now all's come out, the Scandal of the Story turns at last upon the Government: That patronizes Popish Plays, and forbids Protestant. Ours is to be a Popish Play: why? Because it exposes the Villainy of *Sectaries* and *Rebels*? Prove them first to be Protestants, and see what you will get by it when you have done? Your Party are certainly the Men whom the Play attacks; and so far I will help you: The Designs and Actions represented in the Play, are such as you have copied from the *League*: for though you have Wickedness enough, yet you wanted the Wit to make a new Contrivance. But for Shame, while you are carrying on such palpable Villainy, do not assume the Name of Protestants. You will tell us, you are Friends to the Government, and the King's best Subjects; but all the while you are aspersing both It and Him. Who shall be Judges, whether you are Friends or not? The Government or You? Have not all Rebels always sung the same Song? Was ever Thief or Murderer Fool enough to plead Guilty? For your Love and Loyalty to the King, they who mean him best among you, are no better Subjects than Duke Trincalo: They wou'd be content he shou'd be Vice-Roy, so they may be Vice-Roy over him.

The next Accusation in particular to me, That I the said Bays, wou'd falsely and feloniously have robb'd Nat. Lee of his Share in the Reputation of OEdipus: Now I am Culprit; I writ the First and Third Acts of OEdipus, and drew the Scenery of the whole Play: When-ever I have own'd a farther Proportion, let my Accusers speak: This was meant mischievously, to set us two at Variance: Who is the Old Serpent and Satan now? When my Friends help my barren Fancy, I am thankful for it: I do not use to receive Assistance, and afterwards ungratefully disown it.

Not

Not long after, *Exemplary Punishment* is due to me for this most *devilish Parallel*. 'Tis a devilish one indeed, but who can help it? If I draw *Devils* like one another, the fault is in themselves for being so. I neither made their Horns nor Claws, nor Cloven Feet: I know not what I shou'd have done, unless I had drawn the *Devil* a *handsom proper Gentleman*, like the Painter in the Fable, to have made a *Friend* of him; but I ought to be *exemplarily punish'd* for it; when the *Devil* gets *uppermost*, I shall *expect* it. In the mean time, let *Magistrates* (that *respect their Oaths and Office*) which Words you see are put into a *Parenthesis*, as if (God help us) we had none such now; let them put the Law in execution against *lewd Scriblers*, the *Mark* will be too *fair* upon a *Pillory*, for a *Turnip* or a *rotten Egg* to *miss* it. But for my part, I have not Malice enough to wish him so much harm; not so much as to have a Hair of his Head perish, much less, that one whole side of it should be dismantled: I am no Informer who writ such a Song, or such a *Libel*; if the *Dulness* betrays him not, he is *safe* for me. And may the same *Dulness* preserve him ever from *publick Justice*: 'Tis a sufficient thick *Mud-wall* betwixt him and *Law*. 'Tis his Guardian Angel, that protects him from Punishment, because in spight of him, he cannot deserve it. 'Tis that which preserves him innocent, when he means most *Mischief*; and makes him a *Saint*, when he intends to be a *Devil*. He can never offend enough, to need the Mercy of the *Government*; for 'tis *beholden* to him, that he writes against it: And he never offers at a *Satyr*, but he converts his *Readers* to the *contrary Opinion*.

Some of the succeeding Paragraphs are intended for *very Ciceronian*: There the *Lawyer* flourishes in the *Pulpit*, and the *Poet* stands in *Socks* among the Crowd to hear him. Now for *Narration*, *Resolution*, *Calumnation*, *Aggravation*, and the whole *Artillery of Tropes and Figures* to defend the Proceedings at *Guild-Hall*: The most minute Circumstances of the Elections are described so lively, that a Man, who had not heard he was there in a *Livery-Gown*, might suspect there was a *quorum pars magna fui* in the Case; and Multitudes of Electors, just as well qualified as himself,

himself might give their Party the greater Number: but throw back their *gilt Shillings*, which were told for *Guineas*, and their Sum was considerably less. Well, there was no Rebellion at this time, therefore says my Adversary, there was no *Parallel*. 'Tis true, there was no *Rebellion*; but who ever told him, that I intended this *Parallel* so far? if the Likeness had been throughout, I may guess by their good will to me, that I had never liv'd to write it. But to show his Mistake, which I believe wilful, the Play was wholly written a Month or two before the last Election of the *Sheriffs*. Yet it seems there was some kind of *Prophecy* in the Case: and till the Faction gets clear of a *Riot*, a part of the Comparison will hold even there; yet, if he pleases to remember, there has been a King of *England* forc'd by the Inhabitants from his *Imperial Town*. 'Tis true, the Son has had better fortune than the Father; but the reasons is that he has now a stronger Party in the *City* than his Enemies: the *Government* of it is secur'd in *Loyal* and *Prudent Hands*, and the Party is too weak to push their Designs farther. *They rescued not their beloved Sheriffs at a time* (he tells you) *when they had most important use of them*. What the Importancy of the Occasion was, I will not search; 'tis well if their own Consciences will acquit them. But let them be never so much belov'd, their Adherents knew it was a Lawful Authority that sent them to the *Tower*; and an Authority which to their sorrow, they were not able to *resist*: so that if four Men guarded them without disturbance, and to the contempt of their strength, at broad noon-day, and at full Exchange-time, it was no more their *Honesty*, to stand looking on with their Hands in their Pockets, than it is of a small Band of *Robbers*, to let a *Caravan* go by, which is too strong for them to assault.

After this, I am call'd, after the old rate, *loose and infamous Scribler*, and 'tis well I scape so cheap: bear your good fortune moderately, Mr. *Poet*: for as loose and as infamous as I am, if I had written for your Party, your Pension would have been cut off, as useless. But they must take up with *Settle*, and such as they can get: *Bar-*

tholomew.

Isolamew-Fair Writers, and Bartholomew-Close Printers; there's a famine of Wit amongst them, they are forc'd to give unconscionable Rates, and after all to have only Carrion for their Money.

Then I am an ignorant Fellow for not knowing there were no *Juries* in *Paris*: I do not remember I have written any such thing: but whoever did, I am confident it was not his *Ignorance*. Perhaps he had a mind to bring the Case a little nearer home: if they had not *Juries* in *Paris*, we had them from the *Normans*, who were *French-men*: and as you manag'd them, we had as good have had none in *London*: Let it satisfy you we have them now; and some of your loose and infamous *Scriblers* may come to understand it a little better.

The next is the Justification of a Noble Peer deceas'd: the Case is known, and I have no Quarrel to his Memory: Let it sleep; he is now before another Judge. Immediately after I am said to have intended an abuse to the *House of Commons*; which is call'd by our Authors, the most *August Assembly of Europe*. They are to prove I have abus'd that House; but 'tis manifest they have lessen'd the House of *Lords*, by owning the Commons to be the more *August Assembly*. 'Tis an House chosen (they say) by every *Protestant* who has a considerable Inheritance in *England*; which word *considerable* signifies forty Shillings *per Annum* of free Land. For the Interest of the Loyal Party, so much undervalued by our Authors, they have long ago confes'd in Print, that the Nobility and Gentry have disown'd them: and the Yeomanry have at last consider'd, *queis hæc conservimus arva?* they have had enough of unlawful and arbitrary Power; and know to their cost, what an *August Assembly* they had once without a *King* and *House of Peers*.

But now they have me in a burning scent; and run after me full cry: Was ever such Licence conniv'd at yet, in an impious Libeller and Scribler, that the Succession, so solemn a matter, that is not fit to be debated of but in Parliament, should be profan'd so far as to be play'd with on the Stage?

Hold a little, Gentlemen, hold a little (as one of your Fellow-

Fellow-Citizens says in the Duke of Guise :) Is it so unlawful for me to argue for the Succession in the right Line upon the Stage; and is it so very lawful for Mr. Hunt, and the Scriblers of your Party, to oppose it in their Libels off the Stage? Is it so sacred, that a Parliament only is suffer'd to debate it, and dare you run it down both in your Discourses and Pamphlets out of Parliament? In conscience what can you urge against me, which I cannot return an hundred times heavier on you? And by the way you tell me, that to affirm the contrary to this, is a *Præmunire* against the Statute of the 13. of *Eliz.* If such a *Præmunire* be, pray answer me who has most incurr'd it? In the mean time do me the favour to look into the *Statute-Book*, and see if you can find the *Statute*: you know your selves, or you have been told it, that this *Statute* is virtually repeal'd, by that of the first of King *James*, acknowledging his immediate lawful and undoubted Right to this Imperial Crown, as the next Lineal Heir: those last words are an implicit *Anti-declaration* to the Statute in Queen *Elizabeth*, which for that reason is now omitted in our Books. The lawful Authority of an House of Commons I acknowledge; but without fear and trembling, as my *Reflectors* would have it: For why should I fear my *Representatives*? they are summon'd to consult about the publick Good, and not to frighten those who chose them. 'Tis for you to tremble who libel the *Supreme Authority of the Nation*. But we knavish Coxcombs and Villains are to know, say my Authors, that a *Vote is the Opinion of that House*. Lord help our Understandings that know not this without their telling! What *Englishman* do you think does not honour his Representatives, and wish a Parliament void of Heats and Animosities, to secure the Quiet of the Nation? You cite His Majesty's *Declaration* against those who dare trifle with Parliaments: (a Declaration, by the way, which you endeavour'd not to have read publickly in Churches, with a Threatning to those that did it.) But we still declare (says His Majesty) that no Irregularities of Parliament shall make us out of love with them: Are not you unfortunate Quoters, why now shou'd you rub up the remembrance of those

those *Irregularities* mention'd in that *Declaration*, which caus'd, as the King informs us, its Dissolution?

The next Paragraph is already answer'd; 'tis only a clumsy Commendation of the *D. of M.* copied after Mr. *Hunt*, and a proof that he is unlike the Duke of *Guise*.

After having done my Drudgery for me, and having most officiously prov'd that the *English* Duke is no Parallel for the *French*; which I am sure he is not; they are next to do their own Business, which is, that I meant a Parallel betwixt *Henry the Third*, and our most gracious *Sovereign*. But, as Fallacies are always couch'd in general Propositions, they plead the whole course of the *Drama*, which, they say, *seems* to insinuate my Intentions. One may see to what a miserable shift they are driven: when, for want of any one Instance, to which I challenge them, they have only to alledge, that the Play *SEEMS* to insinuate it. I answer, it does not seem, which is a bare *Negative* to a bare *Affirmative*; and then we are just where we were before. Fat *Falsaffe* was never set harder by the Prince for a *Reason*, when he answer'd, that if *Reasons* grew as thick as Blackberries, *he wou'd not give one*. Well, after long pumping, lest the Lye should appear quite barefac'd, they have found, I said, that at *King Henry's Birth* there shone a *Regal Star*: so there did at *King Charles the Second's*: therefore I have made a *Parallel* betwixt *Henry the Third*, and *Charles the Second*. A very concluding *Syllogism*, if I should answer it no farther.

Now let us look upon the Play, the Words are in the fourth *Act*. The Conjuror ther is asking his Devil, *what Fortune attended his Master, the Guise, and what the King?* The Familiar answers concerning the King. *He cannot be depos'd, he may be kill'd; a violent Fate attends him; but at his Birth there shone a Regal Star.* (*Conj.*) My Master had a stronger. (*Devil*) *No not a stronger, but more popular.* Let the whole Scene (which is one of the best in the Tragedy, though murder'd in the *Acting*) be read together, and it will be as clear as day-light, that the Devil gave an *Astrological* account of the *French King's Horoscope*: that the *Regal Star*, then *culminating*, was the *Sun* in the tenth *House* or *Mid-Heaven*; which *cæteris paribus* is a *Re-*

gal Nativity in that Art. The rest of the Scene confirms what I have said : for the *Devil* has taken the *Position* of the *Heavens* or *Scheme* of the *World*, at the Point of the *Sun's* entrance into *Aries*. I dispute not here the *Truth* or *Lawfulness* of that Art ; but 'tis usual with *Poets*, especially with the *Italians*, to mix *Astrology* in their Poems : *Chaucer*, amongst us, is frequent in it ; but this Revolution particularly I have taken out of *Luigi Pulci*, and there is one almost the same in *Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato*. Now if these *Poets* knew, that a *Star* were to appear at our *King's Birth*, they were better *Prophets* than *Nostradamus*, who has told us nothing of it. Yet this they say is *Treason with a Witness*, and one of the *Crimes* for which they condemn'd me to be hang'd, drawn and quarter'd : I find they do not believe me to be one of their Party at the bottom, by their charitable Wishes to me ; and am proud enough to think I have done them some little Mischief, because they are so desirous to be rid of me. But if *Jack Ketch* must needs have the handling of us *Poets*, let him begin first where he may take the deepest Say : let me be hang'd, but in my turn ; for I am sure I am neither the *fattest* *Scribler* nor the *worst* ; I'll be judg'd by their own Party. But for all our Comforts, the Days of hanging are a little out of date : and I hope there will be no more *Treason with a Witness* or *Witnesses* ; for now there is no more to be got by *Swearing*, and the *Market is over-stock'd besides*.

But are you in earnest, when you say I have made *Henry the Third* fearful, weak, bloody, perfidious, hypocritical, and fawning in the *Play* ? I am sure an unbiass'd Reader will find a more favourable Image of him in the *Tragedy* ; whatever he was out of it. You wou'd not have told a Lye so shameless, but that you were resolv'd to second it with a worse ; that I made a *Parallel* of that *Prince*. And now it comes to my turn, pray let me ask you, why you spend three Pages and a half in heaping up all the Villainies true or false, which you can rake together, to blast his Memory ? Why is all this pains taken to expose the *Person* of *King Henry the Third* ? Are you *Leaguers*, or *Covenanters*, or *Associators* ? What has the poor dead Man done to nettle you ? Were his *Rebels* your
Friends

Friends or your Relations? Were your *Norman Ancestors* of any of those Families, which were Conspirators in the Play? I smell a Rat in this Business: *Henry the Third* is not taken thus to task for nothing. Let me tell you, this is little better than an implicit Confession of the *Parallel* which I intended. This Gentleman of *Valois* sticks in your Stomachs: and though I do not defend his Proceedings in the States, any otherwise, than by the inevitable Necessity which caus'd them, yet acknowledging *his Crime* does not extenuate *their Guilt*, that forc'd him to it. 'Twas bad on both sides, but the *Revenge* was not so wicked as the *Treason*: for 'twas a *voluntary* Act of theirs, and a *compell'd* one of his. The short on't is, he took a violent course to cut up the *Covenant* by the *Roots*; and there's your Quarrel to him.

Now for a long-winded Panegyrick of the King of *Navarre*: and here I am sure they are in earnest, when they take such Over-pains to prove there is no Likeness, where they say I intended it. The *Heroe* at whom their Malice is levell'd, does but laugh at it, I believe: And amongst the other Virtues of that Predecessor, wants neither his *Justice* nor his *Clemency*, to forgive all the Heads of the *League*, as fast as they submit: As for obliging them, (which our Authors wou'd fain hook in for an Ingredient) let them be satisfied, that no more Enemies are to be bought off with Places and Preferments: the Tryal which has been made in two Kings Reigns will warn the Family from so *fruitless* and *dangerous* an *Expedient*. The rest is already answer'd, in what I have said to Mr. *Hunt*; but I thank them, by the way, for their Instance of the Fellow whom the King of *Navarre* had pardon'd, and done good to, yet *he wou'd not love him*: for that Story reaches home somewhere.

I must make haste to get out of hearing from this *Billingsgate Oratory*; and indeed, to make an end with these Authors, except I could call Rogue and Rascal as fast as they. Let us examine the little Reason they produce concerning the *Exclusion*.

Did the Pope, the Clergy, the Nobility and Commonalty of France think it reasonable to exclude a Prince for professing

professing a different Religion; and will the Papists be angry if the Protestants be of the same Opinion? No sure, they cannot have the Impudence.

First, here's the *different Religion* taken for granted, which was never *prov'd* on one Side: Though in the King of Navarre, it was *openly profess'd*. Then the *Pope*, and the *Three Estates of France* had no Power to alter the *Succession*, neither did the King in being consent to it: Or afterwards, did the greater Part of the *Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry* adhere to the *Exclusion*, but maintain'd the *Lawful King* successfully against it; as we are bound to do in *England*, by the Oaths of *Allegiance and Supremacy*, made for the Benefit of our Kings, and their Successors? The Objections concerning which Oath, are fully answer'd by Doctor *Hicks*, in his Preface to *Jovian*, and thither I refer the Reader.

They tell us, that what it concerns Protestants to do in that Case, enough has been heard by us in *Parliament Debates*.

I answer, that *Debates* coming not by an *Act* to any *Issue*, conclude, that there is nothing to be done against a *Law establish'd*, and *Fundamental* of the *Monarchy*. They dare not infer a *Right of Taking up Arms*, by *Virtue* of a *Debate* or *Vote*, and yet they tacitly insinuate this. I ask them, what it does concern Protestants to do in this Case, and whether they mean any Thing by that Expression? They have hamper'd themselves before they were aware; for they proceed in the very next Lines to tell us, They believe *the Crown of England being hereditary, the next in Blood have an undoubted Right to succeed, unless God make them, or they make themselves, incapable of Reigning*: So that according to them, if either of those two Impediments shall happen, then it concerns the Protestants of *England* to do that Something, which if they had spoken out, had been direct *Treason*. Here's fine *Legerdemain* amongst them; they have acknowledg'd a *Vote* to be no more than the Opinion of an *House*, and yet from a *Debate*, which was abortive before it quicken'd into a *Vote*, they argue after the old Song, *That there's something more to be done, which you cannot chuse but guess*. In the next Place, there's no such Thing as *Incapacity* to.

to be suppos'd, in the immediate *Successor* of the Crown; That is, the *rightful* Heir cannot be made incapable on any Account whatsoever to succeed. It may please God, that he may be *inhabilis*, or *inidoneus ad gerendam Rempublicam*, unfit or unable to govern the Kingdom; but this is no *Impediment* to his *Right* of Reigning; he cannot either be *excluded* or *depos'd* for such Imperfection: For the Laws which have provided for *private* Men in this Case, have also made Provision for the *Sovereign* and for the *Publick*: And the Council of State, or the next of the Blood, is to administer the Kingdom for him. *Charles the Sixth King of France*, (for I think we have no *English* Examples which will reach it) forfeited not his Kingdom by his *Lunacy*, though a *Victorious King of England* was then knocking at his Gates; but all Things under his Name, and by his Authority, were manag'd. The Case is the same, betwixt a King *non compos mentis*, and one who is *nondum compos mentis*, a distracted or an Infant-King. Then the People cannot incapacitate the King, because he derives not his *Right* from them, but from God only: Neither can any *Action*, much less *Opinion* of a *Sovereign*, render him incapable, for the same Reason; excepting only a *voluntary Resignation* to his *immediate Heir*, as in the Case of *Charles the Fifth*: For that of our *Richard the Second* was *invalid*, because *forc'd*, and not made to the *next Successor*.

Neither does it follow, as our Authors urge, that an *unalterable Succession* supposes England to be the King's *Estate*, and the People his *Goods and Chattels* on it: For the *Preservation* of his *Right*, destroys not our *Property*, but maintains us in it. He has ty'd himself by *Law*, not to invade our Possessions, and we have oblig'd our selves as *Subjects* to him and all his *lawful Successors*: By which irrevocable *Act* of ours, both for our selves and our Posterity, we can no more exclude the *Successor*, than we can depose the *present King*. The *Estate* of *England* is indeed the King's, and I may safely grant their Supposition, as to the *Government* of *England*: But it follows not, that the *People* are his *Goods and Chattels* on it; for then he might sell, alienate,

or

or destroy them as he pleas'd, from all which he has ty'd himself by the *Liberties* and *Privileges* which he has granted us by Laws.

There's little else material in this Pamphlet: For to say, *I wou'd insinuate into the King, a Hatred to his capital City*, is to say, he shou'd hate his best Friends, the last and the present Lord-Mayor, our two Honourable Sheriffs, the Court of Aldermen, the Worthy and Loyal Mr. Common Serjeant, with the rest of the Officers, who are generally well affected, and who have kept out their factious Members from its Government. To say, *I wou'd insinuate a Scorn of Authority in the City*, is in Effect to grant the *Parallel* in the *Play*: For the Authority of *Tumults* and *Seditions* is only scorn'd in it: An Authority which they deriv'd not from the *Crown*, but exercis'd against it. And for them to confess I expos'd this, is to confess, that *London* was like *Paris*.

They conclude with a Prayer to *Almighty God*: (in which I therefore believe the Poet did not club :) To libel the King through all the Pamphlet, and to pray for him in the Conclusion, is an Action of more Prudence in them than of Piety: Perhaps they might hope to be forgiven, as one of their Predecessors was by King *James*; who, after he had rail'd at him abundantly, ended his *Lampoon* with these two Verses :

*Now God preserve our King, Queen, Prince and Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.*

To take a short Review of the *whole*; 'Tis manifest, that there is no such *Parallel* in the *Play*, as the *Faction* have pretended: That the *Story* wou'd not bear one where they have plac'd it; and that I cou'd not reasonably intend one, so contrary to the *Nature* of the *Play*, and so repugnant to the *Principles* of the *Loyal Party*. On the other Side, 'tis clear that the *Principles* and *Practices* of the *publick Enemies*, have both formerly resembled those of the *League*, and continue to hold the *same Resemblance*. It appears by the Outcry of the
Party

Party before the Play was *Acted*, that they *dreaded* and *foreſaw* the bringing of the *Faction* upon the *Stage*: And by the haſty printing of Mr. *Hunt's Libel*, and the *Reflections*, before the *Tragedy* was publiſh'd, that they were infinitely concern'd to prevent any farther Operation of it. It appears from the general Conſent of the *Audience*, that *Their Party* were known to be *repreſented*; and *Theſelves* own'd openly by their *biſſings*, that they were incens'd at it, as an Object which they cou'd not bear. 'Tis evident by their Endeavours to *ſhift off* this *Parallel* from *Their Side*, that their Principles are too ſhameful to be maintain'd: 'Tis notorious, that *They*, and *They only* have made the *Parallel* betwixt the Duke of *Guiſe* and the Duke of *M.* And that in *Revenge* for the *maniſeſt Likeneſs* they find in the *Parties themſelves*, they have carried up the *Parallel* to the *Heads* of the *Parties*, where there is no *Reſemblance at all*. Under which Colour, while they pretend to *advert* upon *One Libel*, they *ſet up Another*: For what *Reſemblance* cou'd they ſuggeſt betwixt two Perſons ſo *unlike* in their *Deſcent*, the Qualities of their *Minds*, and the Diſparity of their warlike *Actions*, if they grant not, that there is a *Faction here*, which is like that other that was in *France*? ſo that if they do not firſt acknowledge *one Common Cauſe*, there is no Foundation for a *Parallel*. The *Dilemma* therefore lies ſtrong upon them; and let them avoid it, if they can: That either they muſt *avow* the *Wickedneſs* of their *Deſigns*, or *diſown* the *Likeneſs* of *thoſe two Perſons*. I do further charge thoſe audacious Authors, that *they themſelves* have made the *Parallel* which they call *Mine*, and that under the *Covert* of this *Parallel* they have odiouſly compar'd our *preſent King* with King *Henry the Third*. And farther, that they have *forc'd* *this Parallel expreſſy* to wound His *Majeſty* in the *Comparison*. For ſince there is a *Parallel* (as they would have it) it muſt be either *Theirs* or *Mine*. I have prov'd that it cannot poſſibly be *Mine*: and in ſo doing, that it muſt be *Theirs* by Conſequence. Under this Shadow all the *Vices* of the *French King* are charg'd by thoſe Libellers (by a Side-Wind) upon *Ours*:
And

And 'tis indeed the Bottom of their Design to make the King, cheap; his *Royal Brother*, odious; and to alter the Course of the *Succession*.

Now after the *Malice* of this *sputtering Triumvirate* (Mr. Hunt, and the *Two Reflectors*) against the Person and Dignity of the King, and against all that endeavour to serve him (which makes their Hatred to his Cause apparent,) the very *charging* of our *Play* to be a *Libel*, and such a *Parallel* as these *Ignoramus's* would render it, is almost as great an *Affront* to His Majesty, as the *Libellous Picture* it self, by which they have expos'd him to his *Subjects*: For it is no longer our *Parallel*, but the King's, by whose *Order* it was *Acted*, without any *Shuffling* or *Importunity* from the *Poets*; The *Tragedy* (cry'd the Faction) is a *Libel* against *such and such Illustrious Persons*. Upon this the *Play* was *stopt*, *examind*, *acquitted*, and order'd to be brought upon the *Stage*: Not one Stroke in't of a *Resemblance*, to answer the *Scope* and *Intent* of the *Complaint*. There were some *Features* indeed, that the *Illustrious* Mr. Hunt and his *Brace* of *Beagles* (the *Reflectors*) might see resembling theirs. And no other *Parallel* either *found* or *meant*, but betwixt the *French Leaguers* and *Ours*: And so far the *Agreement* held from *Point* to *Point*, as true as a couple of *Tallies*. But when neither the King, nor my Lord *Chamberlain*, with other honourable Persons of *Eminent Faith*, *Integrity* and *Understanding*, upon a strict *Perusal* of the *Papers*, cou'd find one *Syllable* to countenance the *Calumny*; up starts the *Defender of the Charter*, &c. opens his *Mouth*, and says, *What d'ye talk of the King? he's abus'd, he's impos'd upon. Is my Lord Chamberlain and the Scrutineers that succeed him, to tell US, when the King and the Duke of York are abus'd? What says my Lord Chief Baron of Ireland to the Business? What says the Livery-Man Templar? What says Og the King of Basan to't? We are Men that stand up for the King's Supremacy in all Causes, and over all Persons, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil, next and immediately under God and the PEOPLE. We are for easing His Royal Highness of his Title to the Crown, and the Cares that attend any such Prospect;*

Prospect; and shall we see the *King* and the *Royal Family parallel'd* at this Rate, and not *reflect* upon't?

But to draw to an End. Upon the laying of Matters fairly together, what a *King* have these *Balderdash Scriblers* given us, under the *Resemblance* of *Henry the Third*! How scandalous a Character again, of His Majesty, in telling the World that he is *Libell'd*, and *Affronted* to his *Face*, *told on't*, *pointed to't*; and yet neither *He*, nor those *about* him can be brought to *see* or *understand* it! There needs no more to expound the Meaning of these People, than to *compare* them with *Themselves*: When it will evidently appear, that their *Lives* and *Conversations*, their *Writings* and their *Practices* do all take the *same Biass*: And when they dare not any longer revile his Majesty or his Government *point blank*, they have an Intention to play the Libellers in *Masquerade*, and do the *same Thing* in a Way of *Mystery* and *Parable*. This is the true Case of the *pretended Parallel*. They lay their Heads together, and compose the Lewdest Character of a *Prince* that can be imagin'd, and then exhibit that Monster to the *People* as the *Picture* of the *King* in the *Duke of Guise*: So that the *Libel* passes for *current* with the *Multitude*, whoever was the *Author* of it: And it will be but Common Justice to give the Devil his Due. But, the Truth is, their Contrivances are now so manifest, that their Party moulders both in Town and Country: (for I will not suspect that there are any of them left in Court.) Deluded *Well-meaners* come over out of *Honesty*, and *small Offenders* out of common *Discretion*, or Fear. None will shortly remain with them, but Men of *desperate Fortunes* or *Enthusiasts*: Those who dare not ask Pardon, because they have *transgress'd beyond it*, and those who gain by *Confusion*, as Thieves do by *Fires*: To whom *Forgiveness* were as vain, as a *Reprieve* to condemn'd *Beggars*; who must hang without it, or starve with it.



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